JOHN BULL, APRIL 27, 1940.
VOL. LXVII. 1767.

PENSION and BIG CHEQUES TO BE WON

JOHN BULL

TWOPENCE

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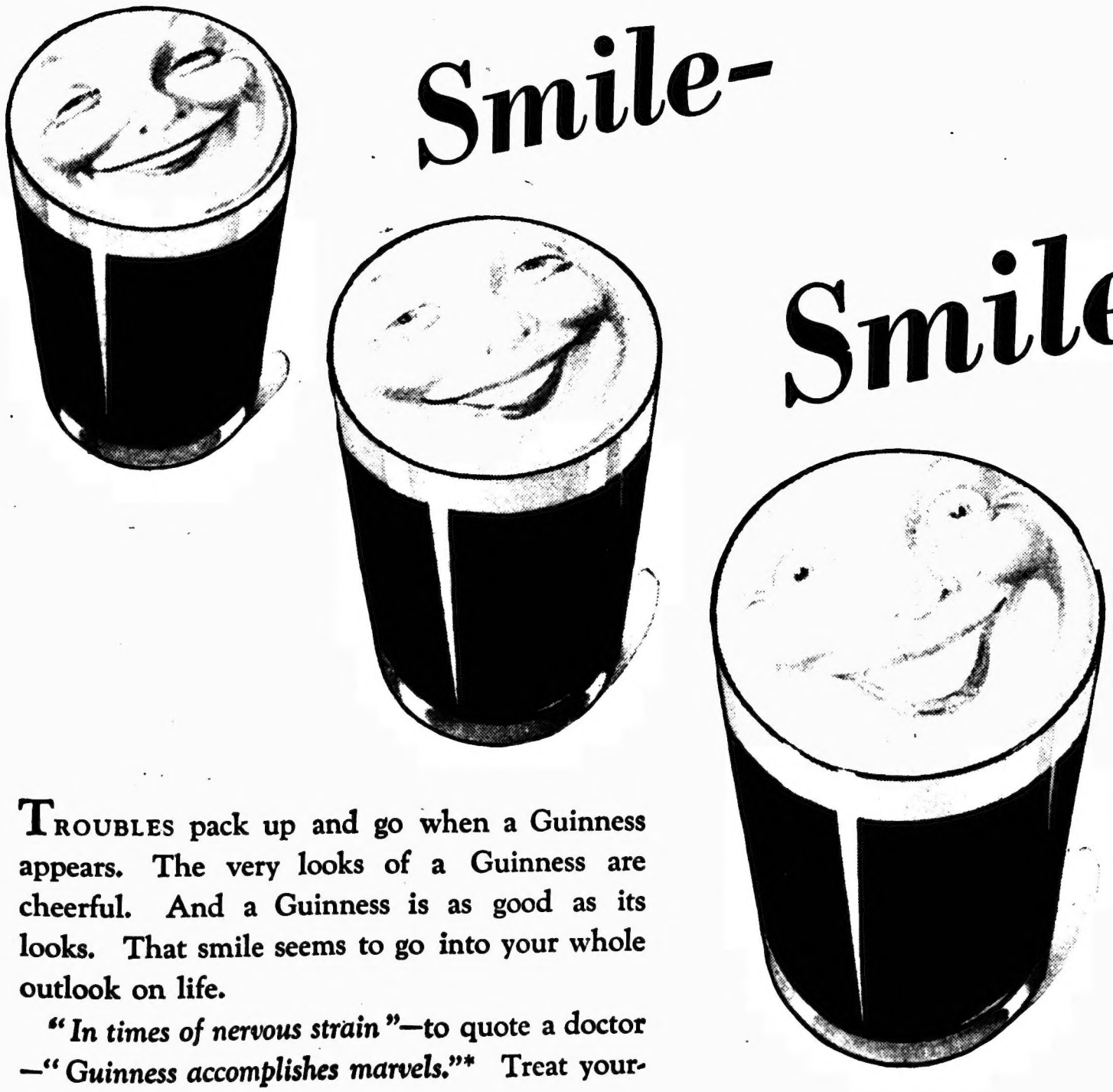
Smile-

Smile-

Smile



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* *Quoted from a Doctor's letter by special permission.*

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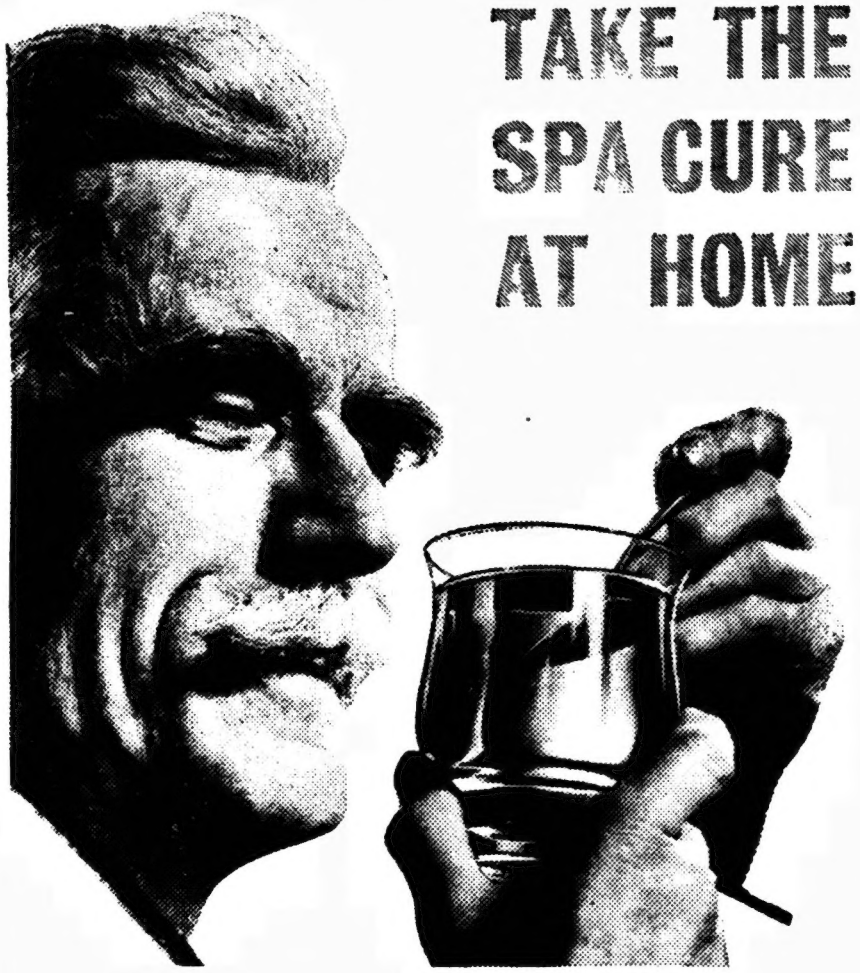

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This is the "Change of Season" month when health troubles make their most dangerous attack. **Colds, Chills, Flu** are easily caught but obstinate to go! **Pains** strike swiftly and hang on! You dare not run the risk of neglect. You must stop them at the first sign. You can do so for 2d if you get ***Beechams Powders***, the wonderful remedy which **ACTS LIKE MAGIC!** ***Beechams Powders*** cost only 2d each but they are more easily assimilated, quicker acting and therefore **MORE CERTAIN** in results. Get your supply **TO-DAY!** Cartons of 8 Powders 1/3. Single Powders 2d each. Not Laxative. Sold Everywhere. A Beecham Product.

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JOHN BULL

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, April 27, 1940, 93, Long Acre, W.C.2.
Telephone: Temple Bar 2468

"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them; naught shall make us rue
If England to itself do rest but true"

Most Crucial Day of the War

WHERE next to strike? Sweden, the Balkans, Holland? Up to last week-end, Hitler was undecided.

By contrast, British Government's plans were mapped out to the last detail. There was rather more than "cautious optimism" in Whitehall.

For the previous Wednesday had been the crucial day of the war.

WAR LORDS AWAKE

Mr. Churchill stumped through the draughty Admiralty corridors in his dressing-gown at dawn that day, ruining his breakfast appetite by the inevitable cigar.

Nearly a thousand miles away, battleships were stabbing the North Sea gloom by the flashes of their heavy guns trained on Stavanger.

But it was not that alone that made April 17 the war's critical turning-point.

General Ironside left his camp bed in his office as early as Churchill's lads were pumping thousands of pounds (in shells and money) on Stavanger Nazis.

ALL OUT FIGHTING

Ironside's lads were moving up to decide the fate of both Norway and Sweden.

Bombers returned from Norway like clockwork at R.A.F. stations throughout the day and night.

For the first time in this war, sea, land and air forces were "all out" in a single great attack.

Reason for arrest of Admiral Carls, head of Nazi Naval Intelligence, is Hitler's need of a scapegoat, and to placate Admiral Raeder, who advised against invasion of Norway.

* * *

NAZI TIDE TURNED

It was essential to turn the Nazi tide in Norway before we faced possible attacks in Sweden or the Balkans.

Although not a third of the story has yet been told, Whitehall's cheery faces suggest that the operations have been far more successful than the deliberately curt reports have revealed.

INVADERS' BLUFF

So anxious Adolf and huge Hermann had to start all over again last week-end, with considerable disadvantages.

Their possible victims were well prepared, thanks to the lesson of Norway.

By bribes or threats, Norwegian army leaders had been won over to Nazidom.

Oslo's "young Vikings" allowed themselves to be overawed by a mere 3,000 Nazis, who for three days (until reinforcements arrived) made a show of strength by parading military bands up the main streets and bawling popular songs.

FIFTH COLUMNS GO

That won't happen in any other land.

By clearing out Fifth Column agents and all doubtful aliens, threatened neutrals have set an example even to Britain.

Not only will any fresh Nazi invasion add to Hitler's ultimate difficulties, but also confront him with immediate obstacles to drain his strength.

TAKING HEART

Since Britain battered the Nazi Fleet, the Dutch consider themselves strong enough to tackle its remnants single-handed.

Swedes take the same view.

The Dutch no longer fear for their Colonial possessions following the "hands off" speech of Mr. Cordell Hull, U.S.A. Secretary of State.

NO "LOOT" LEFT

They do not expect invasion because there is now little "loot" to make it worth while.

All gold and treasure is safely out of the country; only enough petrol is kept for day-to-day needs.

Also they doubt the efficiency of the Nazi air arm, and were greatly impressed by *Rodney's* survival of a direct bomb hit.

DUCE'S DILEMMA

Mussolini's fresh pugnacity is only proof of Hitler's weakness. The Duce is being both coaxed and blackmailed.

Hitler offers him Egypt, Malta and Kenya if he will start hostilities, delicately threatens him with the fate of Poland if he stands aside.

The Duce does not want an easy Allied victory. That would be the end of his claims on the Allies.

But, because he can't afford it and because the bulk of his people are as staunchly anti-Nazi as the Throne itself, he will not take up arms.

JOHN BULL, in common with other national newspapers, has been forced to reduce its size. Paper supplies have been more than halved by order of the Paper Controller.

JOHN BULL retains all the features that have made it famous and popular. You can be sure that it will always serve the nation's interests, and, in addition to its exposures of public scandals, will continue its articles and stories by famous contributors.

We ask, with confidence, the indulgence of advertisers for any changes of make-up that may be necessary, and regret that we have had to omit many advertisements.

You can help by placing a firm order with your newsagent and—writing to JOHN BULL on any matter of importance to the community.

READY FOR HIM

Instead, he hopes to cause a diversion by pretending to prepare for war. The Allies would not be alarmed even if Hitler succeeded in pushing him over the brink.

British Government's flattery of him last September was necessary. Now we're in a position to meet all comers.

Hitler's latest offer to Stalin is Northern Scandinavia in exchange for submarines.
What a bargain, with the British in Narvik!

* * *

HE IS SHREWD

Mussolini knows a French Army could invade Italy, and that Churchill didn't boast when declaring: "Britain can fight a naval war off Scandinavia and still control the Mediterranean," and that Albania and Abyssinia would rise.

But the more perilous becomes Hitler's position the more Mussolini will try to distract our attention.

Anxious days for Queen Wilhelmina and her subjects—but the Dutch believe that Britain has the Nazi Air Force on the run and feel safer now against invasion

QUESTION OF MONTHS

French view, openly expressed, is that if we seize our chance "the war will not be more than a question of months."

Both on the war's critical day of last week, and the days that have passed since, we seized that chance.

AWAY WITH AGENTS

There are chances still to seize at home.

Nine hundred small manufacturers, employing more than 2,000,000 people, want to help our arms production.

And they want direct contact with the Ministry of Supply instead of dealing through agents.

Despite the Minister's assurances to JOHN BULL, there is still reason for grave dissatisfaction.

WASTE OF MAN-POWER

Despite the release of 33,000 skilled men from the Army, there are still soldiers who'd be more useful in civvies.

A firm on urgent official contracts wants the release of a skilled turret operator. His application for discharge lies before us with his officers' caustic refusal.

He can't even obtain transfer to the Royal Army Ordnance Corps, will probably be sent to France in a labour battalion.

Col. Schumaker's crack squadrons of Nazi Air Force have returned to the Western Front. Obviously an offensive there, if not certain, is at any rate likely.

* * *

CREDIT IS DUE

A man who joined the R.A.F. as wireless operator is doing little else than pick up paper from an aerodrome's grounds and clean tins in the cookhouse

Yet, it's only fair to say that a dilatory arms firm, privately reported by "John Bull" to the Cabinet Minister responsible, has been speeded up by a small army of inspectors.

The sooner every man and every firm is fully engaged on the right job, the sooner will the war be ended.

(See "Blunderers at Home," by the Editor, page 5.)

(Continued Overleaf)

Continued from Preceding Page

Demand that British wage-earners must work longer hours as part of the common sacrifice towards winning the war will not be heard so often in future.

It has not only been strenuously resisted by organised Labour, but also it will not receive Government backing.

It has been turned down in an official report, which is among the most important of all war bulletins.

REDUCE BOREDOM

The Industrial Health Research Board makes five recommendations. Overlong hours and continuous work without rest must be avoided. Sunday rest and ordinary holidays must continue.

Reduce boredom by varying the work and providing music. Cut out unnecessary effort. Keep an eye open for increase of sickness and other danger signals.

More big rail smashes in Germany, with heavy loss of life. But you'll hear nothing of them. Goebbels has suppressed the news.

* * *

YOUR WAR CHARTER

Britain will not follow the example of France, where the sixty-hour week is now common even for women. We found in the last war that a twelve-hour day on munitions produced no more than a ten-hour.

The Board's sixpenny report, written in plain language for the man-in-the-factory, will be his war charter.

LABOUR IN CABINET?

Next month, a woman will preside over other discussions on his future. Mrs. Ayrton Gould, chairman of the Labour Party Conference, will deal with seventy subjects already on the agenda.

The Government's policy will be largely swayed by the decisions made at Bournemouth. The Cabinet itself will depend on whether the conference agrees to Labour joining the Government.

Answer to that will be an emphatic "No!"

SECURITY SERVICE

Among the topics for discussion will be demands for nationalisation of transport, free milk for the poor, and Service allowances big enough to maintain a fighting man's home at its peace-time standard.

Not least is a suggestion for a World Security Service, voluntarily recruited after the war, to be stationed at strategic points throughout the world.

WAR BONUS SCHEME

Worth Labour's attention is a fine war bonus scheme introduced by the Bishop Auckland food products firm of Joseph Lingford and Son.

Worked out on a basis that takes into account not only earnings but the size of family, it also bears relation to rises in living costs.

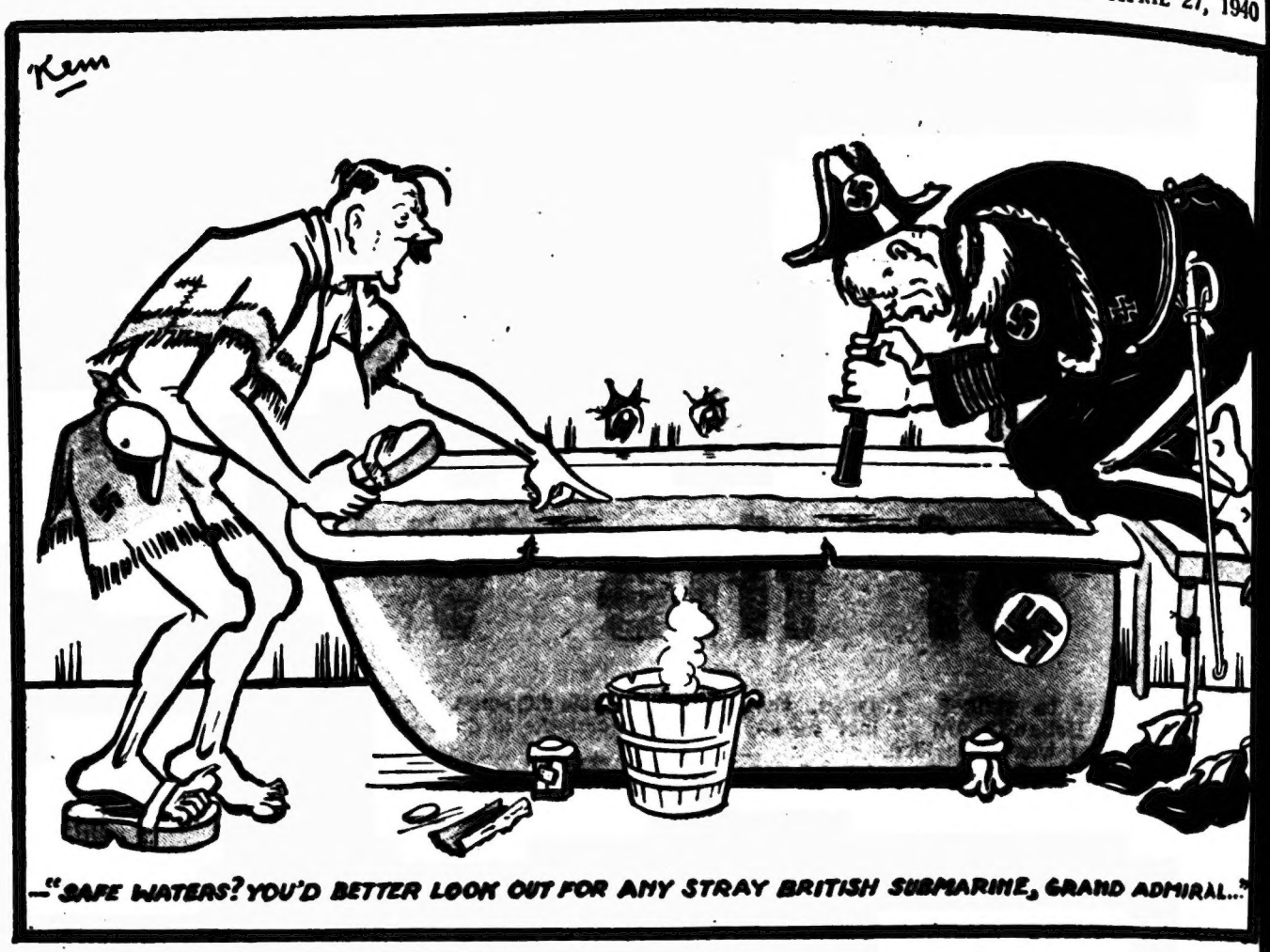
Married men with two or more in family get as much as a single worker over twenty-one and a junior under twenty-one put together.

Do Italians trust their pro-Nazi newspapers? Answer: The Vatican paper "Osservatore Romano," which gives impartial news, has increased its sales from 9,000 to 100,000 a day.

* * *

FIRM'S SAVING BANK

Every encouragement is given for the bonus to be invested in the firm's own savings bank.



War's Most Vital Bulletin
Labour's "No" to Cabinet Offer
Petrol Running into Drains
Spoiling the Nazi Prisoners
More Councils in Waste-not Drive

The Red Cross penny-a-week fund and a 6d. a week scheme for National Savings Certificates are also pressed.

JOHN BULL suggests that this admirable scheme should be studied by every important corporation and by public authorities.

ANOTHER SUGGESTION

From an ordinary reader comes another suggestion that we are bringing to the Government's attention.

He argues that earnings invested in National Savings Certificates should not be liable to income tax.

Obviously, it is illogical to expect payment of tax on earnings lent to the State.

WASTING PETROL

Illogical that while the public is urged to avoid waste there is no supervision over the waste by public service concerns.

Petrol is a glaring instance. In scores of bus garages the fuelling pipe is left in the tank until the petrol overflows down the drains.

Scores of gallons are lost each day in a single garage.

No one seems to care, except the motorist, who cannot get sufficient rations to make his business calls.

M.P.s' RAIL PROTEST

M.P.s' protest against dearer rail fares—predicted by JOHN BULL—remind us of the passenger who buys a ticket when the last train has left.

There is general determination to see that the further increases proposed for next year are refused.

And there is bitter talk in the lobbies that Minister of Transport Euan Wallace is defeating the Government's own policy of keeping living costs down by pleasing rail directors.

TRADE HONOURS

Mounting honours go to Sir Andrew Duncan, big-business chief brought in to look after the Board of Trade.

Last official figures show that export trade for March was the highest since last May, and the best since war began.

Sir Andrew has big plans being hammered out to capture fresh markets formerly held by the Nazis.

New rationing scheme for cotton and wool is just a part of those plans. Expectation is that Lancashire will soon be busier than ever on foreign orders.

Empire trade is booming because goods formerly supplied to the Dominions by Germany are now being bought, not from neutrals, but from Britain.

* * *

USEFUL LESSON

Drive to help the war effort by "saving" household refuse gathers momentum.

Southall Council, which for six years has salvaged paper, ash, breeze, tins and metal from the borough's dustbins, has increased the yield by 50 per cent. since war began, and is now collecting bottles and other materials.

The yield from salvage last month was £230.

A useful lesson to other councils!

NAZI'S NEW RADIO

Extravagance continues in some quarters.

One interned Nazi officer, complaining about the tone of the radio set in his room, has graciously been presented with another.

Maybe it will allow him to hear Lord Haw-Haw better. We must assure our captives of decent treatment, but need we pander to them?

FOR WAR PERPLEXED

Good news that only a small number of Citizens' Advice Bureaux have been closed; we are glad to hear, also, that they include rent among the many problems on which expert guidance is given to the war perplexed.

You'll find a bureau in your town.

HERE'S A PROBLEM

Mr. Geoffrey Lloyd should be asked by M.P.s to consider the position of car-hire firms.

Smart limousines with chauffeur can be hired from £50 per month—allowing 800 miles.

Since ordinary motorists are allowed only 200 miles, why this anomaly to benefit the wealthy?

SO HITLER SAID

Turn your eyes abroad once more.

"In the next war, one of my first measures must be to occupy Sweden. It will be a daring but interesting undertaking, never before attempted in the history of the world."

So Hitler told Dr. Rauschning in 1934.

—AND HE ADDED

"I shall order a series of unexpected individual exploits," he went on. "The Swedes will nowhere be prepared to put up a sufficiently strong defence. . . .

"It will be absolutely necessary to possess a close network of supporters and sympathisers in Sweden."

If Adolf hasn't changed his mind in the last fortnight, he may well change Sweden into a Nazi graveyard.

Nazis have at last built up a balloon barrage, shown by latest R.A.F. photographs. Its effective height seems lower than Britain's.

* * *

In the excitement and fervour of the fighting "John Bull" is keeping a ceaseless vigil on vital problems at home. "Muddle Shall Not Pass" is our watchword. Inefficiency and injustice will be exposed without mincing words

BLUNDERERS AT HOME

Without Fear or Favour
By THE EDITOR

ON the Home Front there are wide gaps in the line, confusion and disorder among the High Command and grievous disarray even among the willing troops, still desperately eager to help in keeping the "Home Fires Burning." One million one hundred thousand workers are still "marking time" at street corners, and forming "two's" outside employment exchanges. This "standing army" of unemployed is a lasting reproach to the Government in general and to Mr. Ernest Brown in particular.

We have been patient with the Minister of Labour; perhaps we have been patient far too long.

He tells us that "soon" there will be "a reasonable prospect" of putting half a million back to work in their own trades.

We find the prospect far from "reasonable" and we declare that "soon" is not nearly soon enough.

Britain's man-power is running to waste. When Mr. Brown says that the unemployed constitute "a valuable reserve of labour" he is guilty of plain humbug.

This so-called "reserve" includes a host of key men—miners, engineers, builders and more than 40,000 farm workers!

Every one of them should be working full time. We cannot hew too much coal, produce too many guns and aircraft, build too many ships, or grow too much food.

WE shall never need a "reserve" of eager and capable workers until we have absorbed all idle men into industry, and transferred the labour now engaged in needless luxury trades to more important tasks.

IF MR. BROWN CAN'T PUT THE UNEMPLOYED BACK TO WORK AGAIN, THERE SHOULD BE AT LEAST *ONE* JOB GOING AT THE MINISTRY OF LABOUR—FOR SOMEBODY WHO CAN.

We wish to emphasise that the familiar, too easily accepted, tragedies of peace are apt to become the crying and disgraceful scandals of war time.

For many years we have argued, in season and out of season, that this country's wage earners are forced to pay too much rent.

JOHN BULL has published article after article denouncing the wicked, unjustifiable, disproportionate drain upon the workers' resources, while still recognising that "the small landlord" is getting nothing but the barest return upon invested capital.

TO-DAY the scandal of the rent problem has grown still more chaotic. It is among the worst failures of the "Home Front" High Command—if there be such a thing.

There is no one man to blame for this disastrous muddle; the entire Government must accept responsibility.

Rents, particularly in urban areas, were far too high to begin with. Restrictions were imposed because the country simply could not have carried on without them.

But what ludicrous and shameful muddle has been achieved by successive enactments!

WHEN THE WAR ENDS, THOUSANDS OF HONEST CITIZENS MAY FIND THEMSELVES FACING BANKRUPTCY FOR ARREARS THAT IT WAS IMPOSSIBLE TO AVOID.

MANY THOUSANDS OF "SMALL" LANDLORDS—OLD MEN, WIDOWS, RETIRED WAGE EARNERS AND PATHETIC ONE-INVESTMENT INVESTORS—MAY BE REDUCED TO PENURY IN THE MEANTIME.

JOHN BULL asserts that this scandal of the rents *could* be ended immediately by decisive Government action.

Families of Servicemen could be protected by guarantee—their fair, war time rents having previously been decided by the courts—against the monstrous risk of huge arrears claims after the war has ended.

Necessitous landlords could be protected in the same way against the ruinous cost of rates, repairs and taxes, *which cannot be met on reduced rentals.*

We have no space here to go into all the intricate details of the great rent problem, but we assert that it can never be satisfactorily solved except upon the principle of "equality of sacrifice."

As JOHN BULL has repeatedly pointed out, there is no such thing. Elaborate legislation has been framed to abolish profiteering.

Profiteering continues.

There are armament firms in this country still returning more than 40 per cent. on their nominal capital!

It is futile to argue that, on the existing prices of their shares, the return is much lower.

A rescue party helping casualties through the window of a building in Pembroke Barracks, Chatham, during A.R.P. exercises

We want to know *why* the market price has risen, if the country really does not intend to allow large war profits to be made!

THE PUBLIC HAS NEVER BEEN TOLD HOW TO ECONOMISE, OR WHERE.

CUT OUT SMOKING, AND WHAT HAPPENS TO OUR TOBACCO DEAL WITH THE TURKS?

CUT OUT PERFUMES, WINES AND ALL THE SO-CALLED "LUXURIES" WE IMPORT FROM FRANCE, AND HOW SORELY SHALL WE AFFLICT TRADES VITAL TO OUR ALLY'S FINANCES?

If we lay up our cars, we pay no tax.

If we do not drink, we reduce the revenue from excise.

If we stay away from the pictures, we ruin a promising industry.

And we ask, as readers are constantly asking, what kind of economy *ought* we to practise in the national interest?

There has been no answer to this question.

Meanwhile, our small investors have contributed £130,000,000 to the National Savings Campaign since November and bid fair to beat, by purely voluntary effort, the £400,000,000 a year total which Mr. J. M. Keynes *thought* this country could raise by compulsory loans!

IN this brief survey of the Home Front, with all its muddles and inefficiency and its eager millions of loyal "troops," JOHN BULL has touched only on the more glaring instances or unpreparedness and slack command.

We have no space to expose here the truly shocking anomalies of A.R.P.

But victory in the field can *only* be forged in the factories and farms far back behind the lines, and the morale of our fighting men depends absolutely on the morale of the home forces.

Germany was beaten on its "home front" in 1918. It will be beaten again on that same front at some near or distant date.

BUT THE DURATION OF THIS TERRIBLE WAR AND THE COST OF IT WILL LARGELY DEPEND ON THE ORGANISATION OF OUR ECONOMIC AND INDUSTRIAL EFFORT HERE IN OUR OWN COUNTRY.

We cannot afford bunglers in high places and if we cannot get rid of them in any other way we must bombard them with questions and bomb them with criticism until the entire Home Front has been reorganised.

THE HUMAN MACHINE

THERE is an art in knowing how to bear up under difficulties and troubles. It is not always best to brood alone, trying to win a lonely victory without anyone being any the wiser.

There are many things we come up against that we ought to fight out by ourselves. To bother other people with them would only be selfishness. Yet we should take care not to spread our worry around like a foggy atmosphere.

If our worry is something we feel should be settled by ourselves, then let us do the job properly.

But there are troubles that we have no business to keep to ourselves. When something has gone so wrong that everyone can see it without being told, it is time to seek help.

It is selfishness to try to share worries that should be banished by ourselves; and it is self-centredness not to share those big enough to cast their shadows over those round us.

When trouble is looming so big that you think about it to the exclusion of almost everything else, you should remember that you are excluding your friends with all the rest.

Since your changed attitude is going to make them worry anyhow, they might just as well be allowed to have your worry to worry about!

That's what real friends are for.

Your own interests are so closely connected with the interests of others that you can't possibly be affected without affecting someone else. So don't be too proud about asking for advice and help.

People who help others can't help helping themselves.

From the shelter of his bullet-proof train Hitler pleads with his Axis partner for help to change the face of Europe.

INSIDE GERMANY

Children Terrorise Berlin

LACK of petrol is still the weakest cog in the Nazi war machine.

So desperate has the shortage become that private motoring is now reckoned as one of the worst "crimes" any German can commit.

Last week, a butcher at Guben motored eight miles with his wife to visit a dying relative.

He was denounced for this "foul waste of the nation's life-blood."

As punishment, he and his wife were made to wheel a refuse cart through the streets for an hour.

A few days earlier, a doctor who had used his car for a little joy-ride was sentenced to spend two days wheeling a costermonger's barrow.

But this barbaric humiliation is humane compared with the savagery meted out to any citizen accused of listening-in to foreign broadcasts.

This "crime," growing more and more prevalent, is now reckoned as grave as the self-infliction of wounds by a soldier who hopes to dodge service in the Siegfried Line.

The Nazi Press gloats over the five-year jail sentences imposed on unlucky Germans suspected of preferring real news from London to the lies of Goebbels.

It says little of the wave of actual crime sweeping over Germany. Yet even the most brutal Nazi bosses are horrified by the banditry and thuggery of the Nation's youth.

Courts are packed with youths on trial for various forms of lawlessness. Reformatories are full, and adult prisons are being taken over to accommodate young convicts.

The Nazi Party is so alarmed at the situation that Field-Marshal Goering had to break off his war work to make a nation-wide speech to Germany's youth.

In the first months of the war, 4,682 boys and girls below the age of eighteen appeared in the Berlin courts, accused of robbery and housebreaking. Nearly 4,000 were sentenced to terms of imprisonment up to three years.

Eleven thousand boys and girls have been on trial for drunkenness, rioting, deception and fraud.

There have been 950 convictions and sentences from one to three years imposed.

Thirty thousand youths have been accused of dealing illegally with ration cards.

Police authorities are bewildered.

Thinking the "black-out" was to blame, they persuaded the Nazi Party to announce through the *Deutsche Nachrichten-Buero* that people below the age of eighteen must not walk alone in the streets after dark.

YOUNG people are not allowed to go alone to cinemas, theatres, variety shows, dance halls, or night clubs.

But the "black-out" merely provides an excuse.

Police officials dare not tell the Nazis that the real reason for the appalling crimes among youth is that the Nazi régime has demoralised German youth during the last six years with its glorification of brutality and "might is right."

Children have been impressed by Nazi speakers, boasting over the radio of the wholesale robberies committed by the Army of Occupation in Poland, and the unspeakable cruelties practised on Poles and Jews.

Children are imitative.

What is good enough for the State, says the Nazi youth, is good enough for me.

NOT only children have been demoralised by the Nazis' reign of terror.

Their elders, nerve-racked by privation, undermined by the official glorification of evil, are showing as little restraint as the bands of young hooligans who terrorise Berlin.

Among the adults who have not been pulled into the army machine, or worked to death in Goering's factories, crime is "assuming fantastic proportion," according to a report to Frick, Minister of the Interior.

There are thousands of trials for attempting to smuggle capital and belongings abroad. Yet, despite the heavy penalties involved, it is tried every day.

The commonest crime is robbery with violence.

Poor rationing, general poverty, and the example of the Nazi régime itself drive people to it.

Yet robbery with violence is the most rare crime in all civilised countries.

Even German law courts have been demoralised by bribery, favouritism, and typical Nazi methods.

Berlin newspapers give much publicity to a court report of a crime in which an elderly merchant was waylaid in Charlottenburg, the exclusive Berlin suburb, was beaten to death and robbed.

The man accused of the murder told the police that he thought the merchant was a Jew.

He got off with a relatively light term of imprisonment.

The spectre facing the Nazi Party is the terrible degradation of youth.

That is the Nemesis overtaking a nation that has submitted to an appalling régime of brutality, lust and theft.

HITLER'S THREE BOLT-HOLES

To hatch his plots, to whine or throw himself into a trance, the Fuehrer has to skulk in a hideout. One day the Allies may provide him with a new one-man lunatic asylum!

THE Nazi Dictator has three bolt-holes, and by them "ye shall know him," because they represent those crazy mental twists that have so long plagued those within the Fuehrer's sphere of influence.

There is the study of the statesman Adolf Hitler; there is the H.Q. of the all-conquering Fuehrer, strategist and soldier; and the third is the retreat of Adolf Hitler the thinker and artist.

The Nazi Dictator imagines that he unites all these qualities in his humble soul; but he only proves the quality of his imagination.

Adolf Hitler, Chancellor of the Third Reich and all that, lives in the Wilhelmstrasse in Berlin, a new forty-million-pound building that has grown around the small group of offices from which Bismarck created the German Empire.

This old Berlin Chancellery, with all its tremendous traditions, was not big enough to accommodate the Nazi leader.

Hitler the architect had it rebuilt. And the old Chancellery from which Bismarck welded the German States into one great nation is a doll's house compared with this gigantic, barbaric edifice.

Hitler the statesman has a ground floor study in the New Chancellery.

Hitler the architect arranged that you reach this study only by means of a long, dimly lit corridor. The visitor is subject to an invisible ray test showing whether he is carrying arms. Not even Hitler's best friends may carry their weapons into his presence. History is full of warnings to the man who lives by the sword alone.

Posing as the statesman, Hitler sits behind a gigantic desk on which books with most impressive titles are arranged to awe his visitors. There are usually ten autographed copies of "Mein Kampf" to hand, and the visitor will take one away with him—if he behaves.

WHEN he wants to think deeply he goes to his private apartments accommodated on the first floor of the New Chancellery.

In these surroundings, overshadowed by barbaric ornaments and colourful decorations, Hitler does his "carpet-biting," striding around the heavy furniture and trudging through the thick pile of the carpets when he is excited; whining to his intimates when he is alarmed or throwing himself into a trance when he is trying to find a new line of action.

In his bedroom, side by side, are two portraits—one of himself, the other of Frederick the Great, Germany's soldier ruler, on whom he tries to model himself.

Few people have been allowed in these private apartments, which are surrounded by offices housing a huge staff of experts, administrative party officials and military advisers.

Hitler is most dangerous when he thinks it time to pose again as a thinker. It is then that he crawls into his mountain bolt-hole, shutting himself in his dream home in Berchtesgaden to plot with the cunning of the animals that love to skulk in bolt-holes.

This one-man lunatic asylum, the mountain retreat where Hitler does his most dangerous thinking, looks like an observatory or little hermitage, perched at 6,000 ft. on the crest of a rocky mountain ridge.

You reach it through a long winding road, built after three years' hard work, supervised by Engineer Todt, recently appointed a Cabinet Minister.

This road runs into a tunnel, driven into the rock, and leads to a lift, the sides of which are plated with copper. At the top of the 350-ft. shaft the lift reaches the level of Hitler's house.

It is a solid building, consisting of a gallery of Roman pillars and a huge circular hall with large bay windows.

In this hall there is an immense fireplace, piled high with huge logs of wood, and a table surrounded by thirty chairs. Leading off the hall are beautifully furnished side-rooms.

On every side there is a vast panorama of mountains; a horizon of peaks and rocks, of pastures and forests and mountain slopes.

The house seems to be hanging in space, clinging to a sheer wall of rock.

HUGE staff with which Hitler surrounds himself can best be observed when he takes to his "travelling bolt-hole."

His satellites are housed in six special trains.

Dr. Dietrich, Hitler's personal publicity chief, has described this moving headquarters in great detail.

It was first "put into action" during the Polish war, but Hitler has also taken it with him twice to the Western Front. He intends to establish it more firmly at Godesberg, the little Rhine village, when the war on the Western Front starts in earnest.

One of these six trains carries Hitler and his immediate advisers. **Besides A.D.C.s,** they include Colonel Schmundt, Captains von Below and Engel, and a "personal messenger," **S.S. Upper Group Leader Wuensche.**

Key men in this travelling headquarters are Major-General Bodenschatz, Goering's liaison officer in Hitler's camp; Captain Puttkammer, naval expert; von Vormann, army adviser; and Captain Kiostermann, air strategist.

To them must be added the representative of Hess, Hitler's Deputy; Party officials in great numbers, and S.S. Leader Rommel, commander of the special regiment guarding Hitler night and day, and co-operating with the S.S. and S.A. forces.

Propaganda experts, newspapermen, photographers, secretaries, doctors, telephonists and radio experts make up the rest of the staff, which, with guards, numbers three thousand.

It only needs a "big top" to turn it into a travelling circus. There are wild beasts and freaks a-plenty!

FOR YOUR PROTECTION

IN September, 1938, gas masks were issued for the first time to a startled British populace. A year later Hitler struck at Poland—and England was at war! For the sake of your dependants you cannot afford to neglect any measure of protection, so make sure that you are covered by JOHN BULL'S Free Air Raid Insurance.

Through shortage of space, registration forms have been held over this week. They can be obtained on application to JOHN BULL'S Insurance Department, 12b, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

HANNEN SWAFFER introduces the farmer's boy who is leading a pacifist nation against a brutal aggressor

NORWAY'S P.M.

Norway accepts his frequent passionate outbursts as "just a habit." He is blunt to the point of rudeness.

IT was on Johan Nygaardsvold, who started life in a saw-mill at sixpence for an eleven-hour day, that there suddenly descended the task of organising the defence of Norway against the Nazis. For he was Prime Minister.

His friend Thorvald Stauning, Prime Minister of Denmark, who signed a ten-years non-aggression pact with Hitler only ten months before, had to surrender without a shot when Hitler broke his pledged word by seizing his Danish neighbour—and her food and oil.

When the Fuehrer tried similar tactics in Norway, King Haakon, pursued and bombed from the air, had the task of heartening his people, while Johan Nygaardsvold, head of the Government, had to organise, reassemble broken forces, and do the work.

Now the story of Norway's relations with Denmark is a lesson for the world.

Seven years ago the countries quarrelled over the Greenland coast, where Norway had established fishing rights in Danish seas.

Some countries would have gone to war.

Stauning made a speech—to the people of Norway! He went across to the "enemy" country and told the Norwegians that he and they must never fight—that they must arbitrate instead.

The case went for judgment. Denmark won. But even if she had lost the two countries would have remained friends.

On the other hand, **Hitler signs treaties** merely with the object of **breaking them.**

The Battle of the **Fjords may go on** for months, for **mountainous Norway** has such a rugged **coast.**

But the end we **know. In the words** of *Cossack's* crew, **"The Navy is here."**

Mind you, **Norway is now the victim of its own weakness. Had the Scandinavian countries united, not for neutrality, but for defence, History might have taken another turn.**

But Johan Nygaardsvold is essentially a national rather than an international politician.

When Hitler's cruel conquests began, he emphasised that his Government was determined to "maintain the strictest neutrality without displaying sympathies or antipathies"—as though the proud, liberty-loving, democratic Norwegians should have no antipathy with evil and no sympathy with good!

It was near Trondheim, the ancient capital captured by the Germans, that Nygaardsvold was born, in 1879.

SON of a farmer, he had only an elementary education. After working in a saw-mill he went to the United States at twenty-two as a labourer on the railway track.

Returning home after six years, he became a local councillor, and twelve years later, after being elected to the Storting, became Speaker.

Soon after he joined the Cabinet.

He became Norway's second Labour Premier in 1935.

As Premier, Nygaardsvold was successful in his internal policy. Under him the Labour Party developed rapidly.

"The Norwegians are essentially a peace-loving people, who do not believe in a 'war baptism' to maintain the national health," declared the new Premier.

"Our country has been spared from war for more than 130 years."

That attitude did not save it.

JOHAN NYGAARDSVOLD is slightly above medium height, with dark brown eyes and hair, is popular in his own country, where they don't write about their personalities as we do. The epitome of honesty, with a plump, clean-shaven face that smiles readily, he is temperamental by nature.

Norway accepts his frequent passionate outbursts as "just a habit." His people know he is blunt to the point of rudeness, and gives grudging admiration.

Although not responsible for any special measure in Parliament, he is praised for a vigorous agricultural policy, so strongly proclaimed that the Minister for Agriculture soon became a mere figurehead

Johan has also organised the Norwegian coastal fishing industry with a Government subsidy, and the new small fishing boats are now called "Nygaardsvolds," in the same manner as British "Belisha beacons."

"A Government," boasts the Premier, "does not sit; it works."

Nygaardsvold's chief hobby is gardening, and bibliography. He possesses the biggest private library in Norway, and is an ardent collector of rare as well as informative books

Well, Norway to-day is putting up a fight that is the admiration of the world. The old Viking spirit is burning like a flame.

Even in obscure villages, Norway is a place of astounding beauty, majestic, mountainous.

And its people, mistaken though they were, have qualities that would be hard indeed to subdue.

We welcome them as Allies; for they are a splendid people.

OPEN LETTERS

● Those Ministry Tortoises ● "Old Sweats" Join Again ● Hush-hush Inquest Folly

Sir GEORGE CHRYSTAL,
Secretary, Ministry of Health

DEAR SIR GEORGE,—Sea air is evidently no tonic for the one-legged tortoises of your Pensions Branch.

I have told you of a woman, who applied for an old age pension last May, yet is still denied a decision.

A man, who applied last June, is waiting as hopelessly. A woman, who made her claim in November, died before your dawdlers stirred their minds.

You ask me to appreciate their difficulties because they have been evacuated to Blackpool, but that hardly accounts for a year's delay, even if they have been gambolling on the sands since September.

You tell me, too, of a shortage of trained staff.

You'd better train some quickly, otherwise you'll be overwhelmed on July 1, when thousands of women will become eligible for pension under the new Act.

Even in war time, months must not be wasted in a social service that alone can save many people from extreme hardship.—JOHN BULL.

Herr von Ribbentrop,
Nazi Foreign Minister

RIB.,—You talk too much. Only a fortnight ago you swore that "German forces will see to it that during this war no Englishman or Frenchman will get a glimpse of Norway or Denmark."

In two crowded weeks, our Tommies have made you look as big a fool as fat Hermann, who declared that no British aircraft would be allowed over Germany

Your mouth is bigger than your head, but I presume that even you have ceased to tell Hitler that "the British will never fight."—JOHN BULL.

Sir William Coxon,
Lord Mayor of London

MY LORD MAYOR,—By the thousand, men aged thirty to fifty are rushing to answer your appeal for 100,000 volunteers for the Army's pioneer corps.

Most are "old sweats" of the last war, and their astonishing response is further proof that the older generation is pulling its weight in the new strain imposed on the nation.

I am sure you are as gratified as—JOHN BULL.

Mr. Arthur Lett,
South Oxfordshire Coroner

DEAR SIR,—This hush-hush folly has reached its nonsensical limit by your secret inquest on Tommy Cullinan, the jockey, found shot at an R.A.F. station.

"It is not in the national interest that I should reveal the verdict," you proclaimed.

Even if it were necessary to suppress the evidence, the verdict could surely not have imperilled the public's safety.

Not that I blame you.

My censure is aimed at a Government eager to put us all in blinkers.—JOHN BULL.

Charles W. Earwicker,
Southampton

SIR,—To leave your nine-year-old girl in a house for more than two days, alone except for a dog, showed a heartlessness that will horrify every decent parent.

Although you and your wife have been bound over for twelve months, I regret that you have not been given a spell of solitude yourself—in a prison cell, with a warder outside as your watchdog.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. Ernest Brown, M.P.,
Minister of Labour

DEAR SIR,—A youth who enlisted last November has just been asked by your officials why he hasn't registered for military service!

Well, well, such sideslips add to the nation's gaiety, and no one need take them too seriously. But the serious slips of your medical boards are inexcusable.

A young miner of Co. Durham was passed into Grade I when drawing compensation for an injury and still liable to hæmorrhage.

Now he is with the B.E.F. in France; applications for his release have been refused.

You should get better doctors for provincial boards.—JOHN BULL.

Rev. C. W. E. Horne,
Bourne, Lincs.

REVEREND SIR,—Only the muzzy-headed will agree with you that, "If we won the war to-day it would be the greatest calamity that could happen."

Do you think loss of life so unimportant?

Do you imagine that, if the war lasts long enough, everyone will flock to church?

Religion would indeed be bankrupt if it sought to extend its influence by bloodshed.—JOHN BULL.

Rear-Admiral D. S. Lambert,
Paymaster Director-General, R.N.

DEAR ADMIRAL,—The first complaint I have received against your Department is serious.

A Hull fisherman joined the Navy more than two months ago. He is a widower, and for eight years he has lived with a woman by whom he has four children.

Yet his family is still without official allowance.

I do not marvel that the hardships imposed on his loved ones embitter him. Yet I am surprised to find unnecessary delay in a Service renowned not only for its silence but for its speediness.—JOHN BULL.

Lord Rushcliffe,
Unemployment Assistance Board

MY LORD,—A young Londoner, workless for three years, is at his wits' end to meet expenses. His wife, who suffers with a chest complaint, has recently had a baby and nearly lost her life.

But your niggardly officials have not allowed any confinement grant; the family is fobbed off with an extra 2s. a week for the baby.

I have seen the household's budget and do not know how the husband will manage to pay medical expenses.

I understand why he is tempted to "become a conchie." Do you?—JOHN BULL.

Grin and Bear It!

TRA-LA-LA MY BANK

By Oliver Plush

MY DEAR OLLIE,

Far be it from me to interfere with your boyish pleasures, but how about pulling in the old horns a bit? I want to be a credit, but what with darts, Spring suiting and one or two other items my sense of decorum debars me from mentioning, I shall soon be a thing of the past.

It would not be so bad if only you would let me take things quietly for a bit, but will you give me a chance to regain strength? Will you, heck!

Now look here, Ollie my lad.

There are (a) one impatient income-tax collector; (b) one even more impatient landlord, and (c) one long but silent slate at the "Gridiron and Garter" waiting to be squared.

Pull yourself together and realise that life is real and life is (according to the most reliable authorities) also earnest.

Yours feebly,
B. A. LANCE.

P S.—Dare you look the bank manager between the eyes? I *thought* not, you snake!

Wearing o' the Green

A plague of daddy longlegs is threatening to ruin the grass of a famous cricket club unless drastic action is taken to destroy the larvæ. So there's nothing for it but to go for the offenders hell-for-leatherjacket.

Cold Comfort

Aunt Agatha writes in her usual blah way to say that since she had a refrigerator installed at *Mon Repos* the future seems much brighter, as she has so many frozen assets.

Versonalities No. 3

MR. MIDDLETON.

Old Adam was a gardener,
But he had nothing on
That horticultural paragon,
Dear Mr. Middleton.
In soft and soothing accents he
Instructs us simple chumps
Who dig for Victory and think
That spades — and spuds — are trumps.
An expert on all garden stuff,
HE knows his onions right enough.

Awa 'wi Ye

McTavish has been explaining the darkest mysteries of the haggis to me. He tells me that a sheep's pluck is essential in the making. There was no need to tell me that a bull-dog's pluck is essential in the eating.

Nazi Guide to Knowledge

HONOUR: Obsolete term respected only by degenerate, weak-willed democracies who still believe in such antiquated things as ethics.

PACT: Solemn undertaking usually signed to screen real motives when dealing with trusting neighbours.

NEUTRAL: See VICTIM.

VIOLATION: Honourable method of acquiring more land for the glorious and noble Greater Reich. VIOLATION should be practised only at the expense of less powerful neighbours.

ENCIRCLEMENT: Invaluable excuse beloved of totalitarian powers and used before any and every act of aggression.

PROPAGANDA: An ordinary lie when repeated an extraordinary number of times.

FRENCHMEN: Race of effete, useless, vicious, vindictive, grasping, greedy, uncultured, blue-pencilled washouts.

BRITONS: Same as FRENCHMEN, only a lot more so.

VICTIM: See NEUTRAL.

Lucky Dip

"Cold water," declares one of those too terribly hearty Spartans who write in the Sunday papers, "never hurt a man."

Well, that makes it all square, for I'm darned sure that I never hurt cold water.

Blue pound notes! Not that I shall keep one long enough to notice.

Slowly the relentless squeeze of Hitler goes on. I have three radishes up.

Something wrong somewhere. Old Adolf's krieg seems to have been struck by blitz.

Smith and Brown had a slight argument about the war the other night, down at the local. Robinson kept out of it. Remained neutral. He comes out next Thursday, but he won't be able to work for another month.

After all these yarns we've been hearing, now we're told that the whole German nation is solid in front of Hitler.

Talk about the meat we've been getting from our butcher lately! Well, thank goodness it's rationed, I say. We can't get so much of it.

Cause and Effect

By beating his latest opponent in record time, Joe Louis made money more quickly than ever before. He had his eye on that big Paychek all the time.

OLD BILL - - by Bruce Bairnsfather

"What do yer mean—'German Navy'?"
"Churchill's hexact words in Parliament was 'They ain't got a blinkin' chance on the ruddy sea.'"

IMAGINARY INTERVIEW

IN THE BLACK-OUT BUS

Physical "Twerps"

FARES please! Why, if it ain't Sir Kingsley Wood himself! Blow me down, Guv'nor, if you wasn't just the one man I was fair busting to have a word with. . . . From what I hear, you're virtually General Orficer Commanding on the Home Front, and so let me tell you a few home truths! . . .

First of all I'd like to know how it happens that little squirt Harry Wots-'is-name, with his pigeon chest and his toof-brush moustache, has become physical training instructor to a bunch of rookies what could wipe the floor with 'im—any one of them with his left hand tied behind his back?

You don't know Harry, Sir Kingsley? Cor lumme, and him pretty near good enough for the next Test Team—if the test had been cricket instead of war! Never mind about that, though, because Harry's only one of thousands.

Fact is, the Air Ministry and the War Orfice and the Admiralty is full of "pukka Sahibs," all dead keen on sport of one kind and another So what happens? Why, b'lieve me, it's just like the last war only more so.

Any lad that has a bit of a sporting record and wants a cushy job has it handed to him on a plate!

You see there's always some big pot who says, "'Ere! Go easy with that bloke! You can't send *him* out on the next draft! He's a champion middle-weight, he is, and I'm backing him in his next fight!" Maybe he's a football star, or a useful change bowler, or a jockey what has won somebody a packet.

It don't made no odds; unless this 'ere crack athlete is dead nuts to do a bit of fighting, he's sure to find himself bunged into some orderly room or made an instructor in physical jerks or given some other soft job at home that won't interfere too much with his precious career!

Mind you, Guv'nor, half the time the blokes themselves isn't to blame They just find they're being "looked after" whether they like it or not. And then, what with the chance of making a bit of extra money and having a good time, one can't hardly blame them for "swinging the lead."

I'm all for a bit of sport meself, but they tell me nowadays that the Services are going easy with blinking chorus boys and ballet dancers! They say they daren't send them fellows up the line because they'd never be able to dance again, or leastways, not neat and nimble like they do now!

It fair breaks your heart when men like Bernard Shaw shoot the same line of hundred per cent. artistic guff and tell us how we must preserve our artists at all costs!

When you think of the poets and scientists and scholars and reformers who went into action last time and never tried to dodge the column, why you almost wonder if *we* haven't gone soft trying to make things soft now for the little second-rate stars in their little second-rate spheres.

Forgive me if I get a bit hot under the collar, Sir Kingsley, but how can I help it when I think of one little no-account county cricketer against, as it might be, another Rupert Brooke!

And *you're* the one man who could stop all this lead-swinging. You're the Premier's second-in-charge, ain't you? Right, then for heaven's sake try to make the Service Brass Hats remember that we're fighting a perishing war; not playing a blinking game.

And let them remember that all young men what are fit for hard sport ought to be fit for the front line, too.

We don't want to lose 'em, Guv'nor, but, in the words of the old song, "*we think they ought to go.*"

Landing The Troops

ZIG-ZAGGING by day, steaming without a glimmer of light at night, troopships ploughed through the storm-churned North Sea to Norway—without the loss of a single life.

Another job for the Royal Navy. Another triumph.

In its way, a job as memorable as the two battles in Narvik fiord, which were indeed but preparations for it. But a triumph that has been given little publicity.

How was it done? What precautions have to be taken when great numbers of troops are transported across seas where any and every form of attack is possible?

First, the convoy assembles.

A troop convoy demands not only many transports for men and supplies—calling for immense organisation—but destroyers for defence against U-boats, minesweepers, and cruisers to deal with enemy aircraft.

Fortunately, the destruction of several Nazi cruisers made the threat of surface raiders far less than would have been the case before Hitler's crazy invasion of Norway.

Still, so long as one German battle cruiser remains afloat it's necessary to escort the convoy with ships able to deal with the biggest raider.

So the convoy becomes an armada.

With troops and supplies embarked, the Navy takes charge. Fleet Air Arm or R.A.F. 'planes arrive to reconnoitre for U-boats and mines and to attack any enemy fighters.

GUNS in all ships are manned. Minesweepers go ahead like scavengers to clean up the route.

The convoy forms up on a broad front There are several columns of a few ships each, so as to present only a minimum target for U-boats.

Destroyers, cutting a long line of foam through the seas, operate the secret apparatus known as Asdic, its "impalpable fingers groping beneath the surface of the sea for their prey."

Short shrift for any submarine daring enough to venture within its reach! The Asdic and depth-charge combination is almost certain in its deadliness.

But should a submarine risk an attack, the convoy is manœuvred away while the destroyers in contact race in at high speed.

"Ash-cans," as the Americans called depth-charges in the last war, are dropped in the pattern of a four-pointed star.

One from the stern, one from either side of the destroyer (fired from a howitzer), and finally another from the stern.

Soldiers of a Canadian contingent disembarking from the troopship in which they crossed the Atlantic to fight with the Allies.

You can judge the effectiveness of such an attack from the fact that in one afternoon the destroyer *Antelope* located and sank two unseen U-boats that attacked her convoy.

Should Nazi 'planes launch an onslaught with bombs, torpedoes or machine-guns, their reception will be no less fiery and deadly than the Asdic depth-charge terror. Naval anti-aircraft guns, including 3-inchers and the super pom-poms with eight automatic barrels, create a barrage so impenetrable that even if it doesn't "ditch" the 'planes it at least keeps them at a height from which accurate bombing is impracticable.

That's why Nazi air attacks on convoys, as well as on naval squadrons, have been more disastrous to the aircraft than the ships.

Certainly there have been lucky hits. One sank the destroyer *Ghurka*, an extremely difficult target, though she remained afloat for four and a half hours.

But the battleship *Rodney*, struck by a heavy bomb, continued her patrol, for her thick deck armour prevented heavy damage.

After anxious days at sea, the convoy nears its destination.

MINES again become a problem. So again the "scavengers" go ahead to clean up the approach.

Warships get out their paravanes and merchant ships their "otters" as safeguards against the hidden globes of destruction.

Then comes the final act in the drama—the landing.

Behind the laconic official announcement that Allied Forces had been landed in Norway is a mammoth job packed with intricate detail. Here is the story of how it is done, by a naval expert.

No easy task to put a large military expedition ashore!

The place of disembarkation must be at or close to a port that can be used as a base for operations. There must be facilities for rapid transport to the front and the early establishment of anti-aircraft defence.

Sometimes a port with dock accommodation is not obtainable. Then it may be necessary to land in ships' boats on exposed beaches—as occurred on the inhospitable shores of Gallipoli.

In either case, hell may be let loose from the skies, shore or under the seas by mine and submarine.

Warships cover the landing from carefully considered positions, not only to batter the forts and hornet's nests of machine-guns, but to engage enemy aircraft.

For this purpose capital ships may well be employed. Their three armaments are separately controlled and can be used with devastating effect.

On distant targets their main armament of 15-inch guns can spew heavy shells against forts or shrapnel against troops.

For near-by work, their secondary armament of 6-inch guns is usually superior to fort guns.

Their anti-aircraft armament can deal with air attacks during the landing and afterwards until land defences are rigged up.

Even when the troops are ashore the Navy is needed unless the Army can fend for itself—which will not be for some time in Norway.

Owing to treachery in high places, the Nazi overnight landings were child's-play compared with the problem facing the Allies.

The sinking of seven Nazi destroyers was merely the first move—to clear the route from warship opposition.

Next came the landing. Still the Navy is required to safeguard supplies, evacuate the wounded and provide workshop facilities.

And when the Navy, after shepherding the troops throughout the campaign, eventually brings them safely back again, it will be another fine but unremarked feat in its incomparable history.

SOLDIERS IN THE SKY

Private Thomas Atkins, now flying to war in an air liner, shows the Nazis that they are not alone in using troop-carrying aircraft

RIP out the forward-facing seats in an air liner and replace them with long stretcher-like forms on each side of the fuselage so that twenty-four soldiers sit opposite each other, as passengers did in old-time omnibuses.

Over the soldiers' heads "luggage" racks are loaded with light equipment, while such heavier objects as rifles are parked elsewhere.

This is how Thomas Atkins now goes to war by air.

The monster aircraft, the biggest land machine of the R.A.F., cruises at about 160 m.p.h., and is the latest thing in troop transport.

Soldiers travelled that way to protect India's North-West Frontier against invading tribesmen long before Hitler despatched the first air-transported army of this war on its perilous invasion of Norway.

Britain's aerial troop-carrier is the Bristol Bombay, a twin-engined monoplane, measuring 95 feet from wing tip to wing tip, carrying twenty-four fully armed combatants and a crew of four—pilot, bomb-aimer and navigator, and two gunners to operate defensive front and rear power-driven turrets.

Bombs can also be carried.

Bombay's normal range of 880 miles is more than double that needed for trips to Norway, but it can be increased to 2,200 miles by using extra petrol tanks and having a smaller passenger load.

It is equally useful as a flying ambulance, stretchers replacing seats.

If need be the R.A.F. can also adapt the larger civil aircraft as troop-transports.

This was done with many of the German carriers employed in the *Blitzkrieg* against Norway. One type, the Blöhm and Voss four-engined seaplane, was originally designed for this dual purpose when built for the Deutsch Luft Hansa's Atlantic airmail traffic.

Accommodating ten passengers and a crew of four, it has a cruising speed of 160 m.p.h., and was first utilised in the war to lay magnetic mines off the East Coast.

Largest Nazi carrier is the huge forty-passenger Junkers JU 90, but in its military form the number carried is probably reduced to 25 or 30, allowing for arms and equipment.

German air transports are unlikely to average more than twenty passengers apiece, with an average cruising speed of 160 m.p.h.

The 400-miles journey from Germany to Oslo takes five hours' flying time, and, with an hour for loading and unloading, two trips in a day each aircraft would transport forty men.

Six hundred transports, working at breakneck speed and without a hitch, would be needed to move the 24,000 troops of the two divisions the Nazis claimed to have landed on the first day of the Norwegian "conquest."

That fairy story would have sounded four times less incredible if the Nazis had waited till their invasion of Denmark reduced the air-carriers' journey from 400 to 100 miles before "putting it over."

"Quick march—by air!" is all right for men and light weapons like machine-guns.

But artillery, munitions and other heavy paraphernalia must go by slower, less spectacular and usually more hazardous ways.

Sir Wyndham Childs' Page

NEW WAR-GRAFT DISCLOSURES

Public Benefactor

THIS week's "public benefactor guinea" goes to Mr. Robert Newby, of Parkland Drive, Leeds, who has provided interesting information that will help tremendously in my crusade against injustice

If you know of any trickery, send me details.

Mark envelopes "Public Benefactor."

NAMES of notorious City financiers appear in the "black-list" of fifty war time contract wanglers indicted in the Scotland Yard "Graft Squad's" report to the Public Prosecutor.

And now that he is likely to advise detectives all over the country to apply for warrants for the arrest of many of these men, JOHN BULL can reveal exclusively the facts about the activities of the "get-rich-out-of-the-war" racketeers

Already the "graft squad" has saved the country hundreds of thousands of pounds by probing the rackets of the war contract wanglers, who seem to make a habit of snaring their victims in luxury flats and expensive suites in West End hotels. They rarely conduct their business from offices.

Probably this happens because more than half of the men indicted for being concerned in attempts to bribe officials have been proved either to have criminal records or are known to the police as investment sharks

When making their enquiries into these war time wangles, the police asked many men with prison records to make statements

They refused.

Two men, jointly involved in a conspiracy that drew the attention of Scotland Yard investigators, committed suicide after taking legal advice as to their position if they were prosecuted.

Police officials have conducted their enquiries so thoroughly that in several instances secret informants have been engaged to work for them. Some of them have attended interviews at which contracts for the Ministry of Supply have been discussed.

There is evidence against one man who, after obtaining an interview by subterfuge, offered a Government official a considerable sum of money if he would give a certain manufacturer preference when considering contracts to supply blankets and bedding to the War Department.

The official revealed the offer to his chief, and police action was taken.

Another Government buyer was offered 10 per cent. of every contract he could put in the hands of the "wangler," who approached him through a "go-between." Eventually he was offered £3,000.

A highly reputable officer in the Ministry of Food, whose only source of income failed when the war started, provided the "graft squad" with details of two men who had each offered him large commissions for supplying information with which he had been entrusted.

High on the "black list" is a "grafter" who was so eager to secure contracts for Army equipment that he was willing to pay a "monthly retainer for the duration" if he could get what he wanted.

And police investigation has revealed irregularities not only in contracts for building camps, but also for supplying motor accessories.

Manufacturers of Army equipment in various parts of the country have been giving assistance to the "graft squad."

When the authorities decide to strike at these "wanglers" the facts revealed will prove that the Government is determined to stop all war racketeering.

Sworn enemy of war contract wanglers, Mr. Leslie Burgin Minister of Supply, is doing all he can to oust racketeers

CHARMING YOUR MONEY

"BREAK your unlucky spell," suggests Mister George Hilsdon, of Lansdowne Street, Hove, Sussex, in an unsolicited appeal, printed on golden paper, that he is sending to people all over the country in the hope of selling his "Lucky four-leaf clovers."

"This is your golden opportunity," adds this so-called luck-bringer when he makes the unsupported statement that wearers of his "lucky charm" have won more than twenty million pounds, and claims that "big football pools and crossword winners have also certified to its luck-bringing qualities."

It seems to me that the only person who is really sure of making anything out of the "charms" is Hilsdon, who charges 1s. 3d. for one, 3s. for three, 5s. for silver, and 12s. 6d. for gold.

He also offers a "safe, sound, scientific soccer" system "under a plain, sealed cover," for 2s. 6d. Very hush-hush!

Take it from me, you will be lucky only if you have nothing to do with Hilsdon.

'Rev. George' is Sly

TWENTY-FIVE references have been made in JOHN BULL since 1906 to the chicanery of "Pastor George Breton," of London Road, Sevenoaks, Kent, whose impudent charity venture, "The Poor Children's Society," has provided him with a fat income.

Turning out tens of thousands of heart-searing words about the miseries of slum children from Trinity Street, Southwark, London, S.E., he has even induced a princess to lend her name to his hypocritical methods of raising funds.

The new House-to-House Charity Collection Act was designed to put an end to such swindles, yet new tricks are already being employed to circumvent its provisions.

When Clarice Mitchell was convicted at Hampstead (London) police court for attempting to obtain charitable contributions by fraud, it was stated that she was one of about 40 collectors who were allowed to retain 33⅓ per cent. of what they collected.

The remainder was supposed to be devoted to the meals and outings of slum children. The Rev. George has never issued a real balance-sheet, yet it is believed that nearly £8,000 a year has been collected.

You can thwart such people by never giving to any charity until you are sure that it is bona-fide.

It All Goes in Her Handbag

THERE'S no crook like an old crook when it comes to making big money by confidence trickery. This is more than proved by the successful criminal career of a dangerous woman who has been quietly slipping out of towns all over the country during the last few years with the proceeds of fake charity appeals tucked away in her handbag.

About forty years of age, she establishes confidence among her victims by posing as a woman of means eager to do something to help charitable enterprises.

Glibly she mentions her many titled friends, and it has not been difficult for her to find war time charities to use to further her nefarious ends.

Only a few days ago, an elderly woman, living near Salisbury, parted with £200 to be devoted to buying war time necessities for a local regiment.

She had fallen—hook, line and sinker—for the tale unfolded by the convincing Mrs. Bayliss, friend of so many important titled people.

She was only too pleased to give such a fine woman, inspired by such patriotic motives, a mere £200 for some of the lads of the Southern Command, and she was sorry she could not afford any more. Mrs. Bayliss shared that regret, but she didn't mind. It was £200 clear profit, anyway.

It won't be long now before the police have put an end to the machinations of this woman, who uses such names as "Ross, Clements, Beaumont, Draper" when not posing as Mrs. Bayliss. Her real name is supposed to be Clements.

Yet this ingenious trickster is so astute that one of her dupes was actually rude to the policeman who called at his house to ask about the money involved in his "friendship" with her.

The vicar of a seaside parish fell for her suggestion that a bazaar should be held to raise funds for the troops. All the proceeds went into the woman's handbag.

Among her many astonishing adventures was going through a form of marriage with a man who later gave evidence against her in a criminal court.

LIFE SAVER!

YOU can't help admiring the versatility of that prime humbug George Mason, of Winchester Street, South Shields, who is now trying to foist on an unsuspecting public his "life saver"—which, he claims, is **"proof against bayonet, sword and lance, bomb splinters, shrapnel shell splinters, spent bullets and grenades."**

He is distributing handbills explaining that there are thousands of these "body protectors" now in use, and suggests that it is the duty of every woman to buy one for the man she loves

Mason's life saver costs 7s. 6d. if it is to protect the heart, chest and lungs; 15s. if it is to protect both front and back.

The great pity is that it doesn't protect the wearer against such dangerous men as Mason.

It will only be necessary to remind you of Mason's War Patents Company ramps to put you wise to the value of his life saver.

From what he says, there is hardly a war risk that he has not eliminated, but the persons he is so eager to safeguard will only be safe as long as they don't come anywhere near his barrage of ideas.

They are all squibs that cost money but don't explode.

Guard Your Snaps

ANOTHER of the old familiar ramps revived by the war is the photographic enlargement trick whereby the plausible door-to-door salesman convinces the woman in the home that she needs a fine big picture of the man in uniform, whether he be son or husband, takes an "advance fee" and a snapshot and disappears.

This is such an old trick that I am surprised anybody still falls for it, yet women are writing to me from every part of the country complaining that they have been duped.

Police officials have received four hundred such complaints about Moss Benjamin, of Crossways Avenue, Swindon, who has not even taken the trouble to answer letters written by distracted women he has fooled.

I have details of the tricks of several other such fakers, and I can only plead with women to be more cautious when listening to the well-spun tales of these unscrupulous door-to-door tricksters.

Slam the door in their faces!

WHY DO TYRANTS MARRY?

HUMANIST shows that the desire to bully is not confined to husbands. Wives are sometimes even worse. Homes, like countries, can be terrorised by this lust for power. It is the demon that wrecks many marriages.

WHEN you hear of the misery existing in some households, you realise how absurd it is to say that a marriage that is not a success is "a farce." A farce is amusing, sometimes enjoyable, but there is little cause for laughter when either a man or a woman is subject to another's savagery.

This week I have received four letters describing homes terrorised by lust for power. The same sort of brutality that has driven Europe to war is driving marriages into dissolution.

A wife, whom I have advised to leave her husband, draws a terrible picture of unhappy married life. The husband, a first-class brute, has a strong will and a bad temper.

"He goes off the deep-end on the slightest provocation," says the woman. "He smashes or burns anything that is near at hand, and he never asks me to do anything. He always commands. Talk about Hitler. . . .!"

"Because he expects me to help in keeping the family, I must go out to work from 7.30 a.m. to 6.30 p.m. Yet I have to keep our five-roomed house in perfect order.

"He does not allow anyone to come to the house, and I can never visit my friends because I dare not ask them back. There is only one cinema in our part of the world, and that is nearly a mile away.

"When my husband has had his evening meal, he puts a handkerchief over his face and goes to sleep. I have no one to talk to, and he won't permit me to listen to the radio. I might as well be on a desert island.

"It would not be so bad if I were fifty, but as I am only twenty-eight I feel there ought to be something more in life."

"He goes off the deep-end on the slightest provocation . . . I have no one to talk to, and he won't permit me to listen to the radio. I might as well be on a desert island."

The husband certainly behaves like an idiot, but it is not amusing to think of a young woman in the best years of her life having to endure such treatment.

If she leaves him, he will not support her, but it seems to me that he does not support her now. A wife who works out for eleven hours a day, in addition to doing the household chores, is a slave.

There is no justification for such a life, and I shall wish her luck if she decides to take her child and leave him.

ANOTHER wife says that her husband ill-treats her because she visits her crippled mother once a month.

"I live a long way from my people, and, not having any friends here, it is a pleasure to see my mother, who cannot visit me.

"I work hard all week and I never dream of going out at night, and my husband is so strict that I have to be most careful what I do.

"Even though I so rarely go out, my husband begrudges me my visits to mother.

"I have to suffer terribly during the three weeks following my visit. My husband locks me out all night in the rain without shoes or coat.

"It makes me feel like a convict.

"This has been going on for fifteen years, and my husband now says that if I go to my mother again it will be the end of our married life."

The woman wants to know whether it is illegal for a wife to visit her mother, and whether the husband has the right to forbid it.

He has no right whatever.

If she were there every night, you could understand the man's anger, but once a month! He must be crazy.

THIS love of power ruins many homes that might be quite happy, and the man who bullies in the home is usually a mere nobody in the office.

Husbands are not always the bullies.

Imagine the feelings of this young husband who married a girl of eighteen and had a happy life for four years. Then there was a baby, and the girl suddenly rounded on her husband to tell him that she hated him.

"I could not stand her persistent nagging and backbiting, so I started going out to the 'local'," he says. "That caused another grievance.

"I then turned completely and went to church twice on Sundays and once or twice during the week. That also was wrong.

"Because I punished the children for being naughty, my wife scratched my face and tore a new shirt off my back.

"It may sound incredible, but my wife has taught my two children to hate me almost from the time they could talk. She tells them it is her home and they are not to take any notice of me.

"I have often gone home, soaking wet after being out of doors from 5.30 a.m., to get my own meals. . . ."

This part of his story is enough to illustrate my point. The rest of the letter describes how the man has gone astray, but can one be surprised?

To complete the foursome, there is a letter from a woman complaining about the way her sister treats her own husband.

"Since their marriage she has never allowed him to go out by himself," she says. "He never tried to defend himself, but I could see, as a bystander, that there would be trouble.

"The trouble came to a head when my sister took over a small shop in the village. My brother-in-law said he would have no hand in it.

"He had his own work to do. He works underground for twelve hours and is tired when he comes home.

"After the birth of the second child, he helped in the shop at nights, and now he has to carry on till closing time. She nags from the moment he gets indoors.

"He now wants to join the Army. He is forty years old, and a good, hard-working man. Yet my sister glories in making him look ridiculous.

"When he asked me what he ought to do, I told him to slap her face every time she nagged him. He wouldn't.

"She does not realise how near they are to parting. It is useless trying to talk to her."

I HAVE tried to be fair in quoting these letters. Two husbands make their wives unspeakably miserable; two wives do the same for their husbands.

But for this foolish lust for power there might be four happy homes.

I cannot help speculating what would happen if the four bullies (two husbands and two wives) were left all together on a desert island.

Some of their victims bear it with the fortitude of early Christian martyrs; some of them run away and are never heard of again; some of them try to drown their misery in drink.

A few summon all their courage and go for the bully in earnest.

We all have a right to a fair share of human happiness, and it is a right that is worth the struggle to secure.

● *HUMANIST invites you to seek his advice when you are worried or perplexed. Address your envelope to 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, enclosing a stamped envelope for reply. £1 1s. is paid for each letter quoted.*

Greatest of These

EX-SERVICEMAN Thomas Coleman, of Gateshead-on-Tyne, is another of those heroes of the last war who still stand in need of your sympathy. Having served in Serbia, in Salonica, in Egypt and at the Dardanelles, he left the Army with a troublesome legacy of malaria and dysentery.

And then he was involved in a road accident that made it necessary for him to wear a surgical boot. Yet he received no compensation.

Even repairs for such a boot are beyond the means of a man whose income is only 16s. 6d. a week. And now he is not only in arrears with his rent, but also he needs clothes in which to appear presentable when applying for employment.

This man deserves your assistance. He must not become a forgotten hero. He is described by the vicar of his parish as a man of "good repute and sound character." He is the victim of great misfortune.

Any contributions for his benefit will be put to the best possible use.

Address your letters, marking them "Repairs," to JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

There are no deductions for administration expenses. Acknowledgments are sent when names and addresses are given, and lists of subscriptions are kept at this office.

A copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

We gratefully acknowledge contributions from various anonymous donors.

"Empires of Understanding"

THE hearts of France and Britain are beating side by side, how could it then be otherwise when each for each have died? For there's no deeper bondship than suffering and pain, and so once more in Arms they make their Sacrifice again.

THE hearts of France and Britain are marching side by side, for in the same deep Common Cause they have their Common pride. Their Cause is ALL MEN'S FREEDOM, and to stem the March of Force, whose Shadow lies on Broken Lands where Hate has run its course.

THE souls of France and Britain are in Two Empires bound, Empires of Understanding which each of them have found. Empires of Good Purpose, of VICTORY through Right, Empires of Peace whose Rays will spread to make the whole World Right.

THE lives of France and Britain, the hopes, the tears, the songs, the commerce and the fruitful lands into their Union throngs. And their simple common Principles will flow like a Stream of Gold, through the Veins of our Two Empires as long as Time does hold.

J. M.

ARGUE IT OUT . . . by PALLAS

THE SIMPLE LIFE

FOR ten years Oxford undergraduate the Rev. Henry Shaw has lived as a hermit in a little shack of driftwood at Fort Bragg, California.

Mr. Shaw lives for the day.

He has little money, little expense, and no worry. His companions are five cats. Apparently Mr. Shaw seeks no human company.

Every day he takes a dip in the sea. He goes barefoot all the year round.

He has no regrets about his break with civilisation, he thinks he has solved the problem of living, and why should Mr. Shaw have regrets?

What can civilisation offer except war and fear, distrust, murder, persecution, aggression, lust and savagery?

What virtue is there in living at all that way? What virtue in shirking the issues of life? If the Rev. Henry Shaw is a true man of God, he has a duty to his fellows and to his conscience. He is a fugitive from the strife of living, pursuing a fugitive and cloistered virtue. No man has the right to run away from life.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

IT is more pleasant to evade the woes, worries, and unhappiness of others; pleasant to reduce living absolutely to terms of simple needs; more pleasant still to live unhampered by fears economic, mental or bodily.

To each man facing life is bequeathed a birthright—the right and obligation to try to make it a better place for his passing.

Few of us accept that birthright, and few accept the obligations it thrusts on us. The world to-day is on a moral decline.

Fear and aggression are rampant. Nations live in a state of alarm in the shadow of the Swastika and the Red Star, falling like blights over Europe.

Why, then, should man live for to-morrow?

To-day is his.

It isn't a good day, a bright day. It is filled with apprehension and uncertainty. To-morrow may be worse. It certainly would be worse if there were many more Henry Shaws in this world, to desert from the battlefield of life.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

WHAT is the use of such men as Henry Shaw?

They pose as pursuers of the simple life, have simple needs and simple tastes. They assume that the virtue of their existence is the virtue of reducing life to terms of essentials.

To some extent they are right. They have made their own lives more simple, but they have done nothing to affect the lives of others.

They are not influencing the lives of countless millions living in terror and hunger.

They are not lightening the burden of persecution and sorrow, which is the lot of so many people. To get down to the simple things is easy. To live for yourself is easy, too. So is living for the day.

But the man who has faith in the ultimate destiny of the world and its determination to be free and fit for the people to live in will look to to-morrow.

"To-morrow never comes," says the old proverb. But the to-morrow of a new world will come, bringing with it hope of a better and happier life.

People of to-morrow will owe nothing to the Henry Shaws for the safety of their brave new world!

A. G. GARDINER, the man who has consistently foreseen Hitler's schemes, warns you of

NAZIS' HIDDEN

NO recent broadcast has given me more satisfaction than Mr. Attlee's stern reply to the "amiable people" who write asking him why we cannot negotiate a peace with Hitler.

"Talk of negotiating peace with the Nazis," he said, "is like proposing to make an agreement with a criminal lunatic."

It is possible that some of the correspondents to whom Mr. Attlee replied are amiable and well-meaning people, but if they are they are none the less dangerous.

They are the unconscious tools of the dreadful conspiracy that has set the world in a blaze.

THEY ARE, WITHOUT KNOWING IT, TRAITORS. NOT TO THIS COUNTRY ONLY, BUT TO HUMANITY.

They are a part of the Fifth Column of internal treachery with which the gangsters have manœuvred, and are manœuvring, in every country in the world.

Each phase of the catastrophic story of Europe during the past three years has borne witness to the diabolical cunning and success with which this internal treachery has been exploited to break up resistance to the final blow.

Austria, Czechoslovakia, Poland were all undermined within before the sudden spring from without.

It was the traitors inside poor little Norway that opened the ports, unbarred the gates, and silenced the guns when the gangsters swooped on that unhappy country in the middle of the night.

Only by the skin of their teeth did the King and the Government escape before the net had closed around them.

If they had failed to escape, Norway would have gone the way of Poland and Czechoslovakia, and with Norway Sweden, too, would have fallen, and all Scandinavia would have been under the heel of Hitler.

And this because for years Hitler's Fifth Column, under the direction of Ribbentrop and Goebbels, had been secretly tampering with the springs of the national life, bribing, plotting, setting up secret organisations, getting traitors into key positions, corrupting the Press—all under the sanctions of the democratic liberty it was conspiring to destroy.

These methods of mining and burrowing the internal position of foreign countries have been literally world-wide for years past.

When I was in Greece in 1937 it was a commonplace that German influences dominated the country.

German agents, German governesses, German "tourists" were everywhere, and everyone knew that they were parts of the Fifth Column working obediently to the instructions of Goebbels in Berlin.

ONE of the most familiar tricks is to picket the country with so-called journalists, who pretend to represent German newspapers, but who in fact are spies of the particular embassy to which they are attached.

These sham "journalists" swarmed in the northern capital.

There were at one time twenty of them in a small city like Copenhagen, and both there and in Oslo and Stockholm they were repeatedly discovered to be a part of the network of espionage and conspiracy woven in Berlin.

Perhaps the happiest hunting ground of the Fifth Column was South America, where, in spite of the vast financial interests of this country, the Germans were allowed an unchallenged field of operations, with the Italians as runners-up.

Money was poured out like water in bribing the newspapers and in organising the Nazi movement in readiness for the day when the Swastika would wave over Brazil and the Argentine.

So alarmed did the Brazilian Government become at the audacity of the Fifth Column that they suppressed its more open activities.

AND I SUPPOSE THAT NOT EVEN IN THIS COUNTRY DID THE BATTLE OF THE RIVER PLATE GIVE A GREATER SENSE OF DELIVERANCE THAN IT DID TO THE PEOPLES OF THE SOUTH AMERICAN REPUBLICS.

Those countries know that they have long been marked down for early absorption in Germany's scheme of universal empire.

Even in the days of the Kaiser the conquest of Brazil was the preoccupation of Germany; and this country was nearly hoodwinked into supporting the attack on Venezuela, which would have been the preliminary to that conquest.

I remember few things with more satisfaction than the fact that, as the editor of a London paper in 1902, I was privileged to play some part in preventing a war with the United States, the object of which would have been to give Germany a foothold in South America.

No Canadian needs to be reminded of the tremendous Nazi propaganda, with its Fuehrers and Gauleiters, which was carried on in his country before the war.

When the show-down came it was seen not to amount to much.

But the agents of the gangsters are still there, awaiting (not too hopefully, I should think) the issue of the war that is to bring Canada under the sign of the Swastika.

Perhaps the most successful sphere (outside Europe) of the Nazi plot has been the United States.

This is not because there is any doubt that the sympathies of the United States are with the Allies.

Every Gallup vote that has been taken shows an overwhelming majority (not less than 80 per cent.) against the Nazis.

How could it be otherwise?

THERE IS NOT A SENSIBLE AMERICAN LIVING WHO DOES NOT KNOW THAT THE FREEDOM OF HIS COUNTRY IS DEPENDENT ON THE MAGINOT LINE AND THE BRITISH FLEET.

If those bulwarks go, the flood tide of Hitlerism will sweep over the Atlantic, and Uncle Sam will have to face the music alone.

Publicity campaigns gave farmers the idea tha land-girl volunteers were only butterflies, y there are thousands of good workers, eager an willing and strong.

WARFARE

Then we shall see what his Pacifists and his Isolationists will make of the job of defending the New World from the despot of the Old.

Then perhaps he will regret that, in the words of Mr. Lawrence Hunt in the *New York Times*, he did not take off his coat and "do a man's job" before it was too late.

Why has he not done so? Not because he does not know his peril.

He is spending untold millions on armaments lest the Maginot Line should not hold and the British Fleet should fail to shelter him.

AS Senator Pittman said a few days ago, if the Allies win, the United States is safe; if Hitler wins, the United States will have to defend itself.

No, the reason is that Uncle Sam is more concerned to turn an election this way or that than to help to save the liberties of the world, his own among them.

This is the situation that Hitler's Fifth Column has been able to exploit with marked success.

No exposure of the Nazi spy system in America, no crimes against civilisation prevail against the slogan "Keep out of the war," and Goebbels' propaganda machine is free to work at full pressure to give the United States the President of whom Hitler will approve.

Warned by the tragic experience of Austria, Czechoslovakia, Poland and Norway, certain of the neutrals have taken drastic steps to deal with the traitors within.

German troops marching through the streets of a Danish town. The Nazis are believed to have developed a strong "Fifth Column" in Denmark

Turkey was the first to come down with a heavy hand on the German workmen who were discovered to be on the point of seizing a Turkish submarine, and since then has taken care to deport all suspects.

Holland, the most vulnerable of Germany's neighbours, has since the Norwegian coup greatly tightened up her measures against the enemy within.

And doubtless Belgium has by now followed her example.

There is every evidence, too, that Sweden, alarmed by the fate of her neighbour, has got the internal treachery well under control.

At the moment one of the chief centres of anxiety is Yugoslavia, where German "tourists" have been pouring in in thousands, among them 280 of the Hitler Youth, and others claiming to be substitute staffs for the German Travel Agency and the propaganda department of the German Consulate.

All over the country there are reports of batches of these "tourists" having been seen about railway junctions and other key positions, and the fears of a *putsch* are widespread.

All this brings me back to Mr. Attlee's reply to the "amiable people" who are asking why we don't make peace with Hitler.

WE ARE PERHAPS AS SECURE FROM INTERNAL TREACHERY AS ANY COUNTRY, BUT WE HAVE OUR FIFTH COLUMN TOO—FASCISTS, NAZIS, COMMUNISTS, JEW-BAITERS—TO WHOM FAR TOO MUCH LICENSE HAS BEEN ALLOWED.

THESE TRAITORS, POTENTIAL QUISLINGS OR HENLEINS, WOULD IN AN EMERGENCY BE A GRAVE DANGER TO THE STATE, AND THEIR POWER FOR MISCHIEF MUST BE NIPPED IN THE BUD NOW.

And the sooner the well-intentioned simpletons who babble about peace with that monster of Wickedness, the Germany of Hitler, are made to realise that they are the tools of the traitors in our midst, the better it will be for them and for us.

A wild beast is ravening Europe. The only peace we shall make will be made over its dead carcase.

Twelve Points for Victory

Come On, The Land Army!

PROBLEM: Britain needs 260,000 more farm workers if the land is to be as productive as in 1921: 300,000 more if the Minister of Agriculture's food production ambitions are to be realised. 1,000,000 more if the nation is to come near to being self-supporting.

Towards this, all that has been done in eight months is to place 5,000 Land Girls on farms, and produce, on paper, a scheme for attracting lads between fifteen and eighteen to the rural areas.

BRITAIN'S Ministry of Agriculture is a brilliant organisation in many ways.

Its agricultural scientists are the best in the world. They'd grow sponges on the dome of St. Paul's Cathedral if it were necessary.

No farmer is too small for the Ministry to give him the best of its advice.

Yet it cannot find the farm workers who are going to be as important to this country as soldiers.

It tells us that it tries—but can't.

Well, JOHN BULL will tell it a few true stories that should show the Ministry of Agriculture that it *can* find the farm workers it wants—if it goes the right way about it.

*

HANS JORGENSEN, a Dane, came to this country when he was a boy. He bought a poor farm near Oxford and turned it into a showplace. With the help of one youth he kept thirty milch cows, two horses and other stock, cultivated thirty acres, and achieved fourteen quarters of oats to the acre. Any farmer will tell you what that means.

When war was imminent other farmers went to Hans for advice. He helped one and all, for he loves Britain. He helped them so much that some months before war broke out, needing help himself, he sent to Denmark for his niece.

She did marvels in a district where only one other woman can milk, and the latter was an Irish girl.

Then Whitehall heard of her.

While hundreds of aliens, some of them of German origin, were wandering where they liked in this country, Whitehall officials insisted that the Danish girl should return to Denmark.

The rector did his best.

The local farmers pleaded.

Back she went to Denmark.

MORAL: *A Ministry of Agriculture should have a good memory. In the last war it was trying to attract farm workers here from neutral countries!*

*

MRS. E. STOKES, of Stafford Castle, Newport Road, Stafford, hates to look out of her bedroom windows.

She can't bear seeing hundreds of acres of wonderful soil that isn't yielding an ear of grain, a turnip, a cabbage.

It hurts Mrs. Stokes.

She knows and loves the good earth.

There's not a job connected with farming that her husband can't do.

He has toured all over Italy lecturing on agriculture and horticulture.

He'd give anything to be working on the land at this moment.

But Mr. Stokes is working as a labourer on an aerodrome. He can't get a farm job.

That's why Mrs. Stokes hates to see those wasted acres.

MORAL: *If the Ministry of Agriculture says it can't find skilled labour, it isn't looking far enough, for we unearth plenty of cases like the above.*

THE son of Mr. E. A. Smith, of Robery, near Birmingham, was born on a farm, reared on a farm, and was working on the farm until July.

Then he started to divide his time between a dairy round in the morning and farm work in the afternoon.

He was called up.

He mentioned those few hours on the dairy round.

"You're no farm worker, then," they cried. "Into the Army with you."

He could drive a tractor through the eye of a needle. In fact, he had just finished ploughing ten acres under the £2-an-acre subsidy scheme. He told them about it, yet they sent him footslogging.

Proof that he is invaluable on a farm has been sent to the military authorities. It's no good. The Brass Hats blow their cheeks out, saying "Maybe. But we've *got* you now."

MORAL: *It's no use the Minister of Agriculture telling the public of the importance of food growing if he can't get the generals to believe him.*

*

"J. M." of Kinnoul Place, Milngavie, Dumbartonshire, knows a man who, holding the Bachelor of Science Degree in Agriculture, wrote asking to be put on the Central Register.

"Do with me what you will!" he told the Ministry of Labour.

Officialdom wrote back telling him that the Central Register wasn't open to him. He was referred to another office, dealing "with matters of a more general nature."

He has heard nothing more.

He has formed the impression that the Ministry of Labour is making no effort to find farm workers.

MORAL: *The Ministry of Agriculture allows all the other departments, notably the War Office, to squash it. It should assert itself.*

*

A SUNDERLAND farmer's wife has expressed what thousands of farmer's wives are thinking. She wrote to the Ministry of Labour, saying:

"Find me a girl to do a job or two in the farmhouse and I'll go on the land and do the work of any man. Find me two such girls and two women born and bred on the land will be freed for food production."

She received no reply.

They thought she was joking.

MORAL: *There are plenty of sources of willing and expert farm help going untapped.*

*

GIRLS who flocked forward to join the Women's Land Army were a fine type. They were eager and willing.

It was decided that the movement would have to be publicised. Those who had been mannequins, beauty specialists, stage dancers and so on were interviewed.

Their pretty faces smiled from every newspaper.

Exmoor farmers, asked to take some Land Girls, decided by five votes to one that they wouldn't.

"We don't want the exotic creatures," they said.

"They'll break their painted nails in the mechanism," said Cornish farmers.

Farmers believed they were being offered butterflies.

Thousands of other girls, wanting to join the movement, heard of these criticisms and were put off.

MORAL: *Girls of the right kind are waiting in scores of thousands—if the Ministry of Agriculture will help farmers to forget some harmful publicity.*

* * *

TELL THE BRITISH PEOPLE: "HERE'S A JOB THAT'S GOT TO BE DONE" AND THEY'LL DO IT.

BUT DON'T MESS THEM ABOUT.

FRANK SWINNERTON

revives that lovable cockney minx, little Sally Minto, heroine of his best-selling novel "Coquette," in this short story of a mother's paradox

Sally's Second Love Gamble

THE girls knew nothing of her past. Nor of her present private life. They never saw her with a man. So, to them, she was "Madam," sharp-eyed, severe upon scamped work, and needle-tongued.

If she entered the room they knew at once, and became as quiet as mice and as busy as ants.

As she left it they breathed more freely. But stealthy, envious glances followed her. She was small, slim, and chic, and she never lost her head.

If they did not love, they admired her with passion.

To herself she was still Sally Minto, the cockney sewing-girl who had married her employer's softy son and made herself mistress of the business. Twenty-two years after losing her husband and lover in a single night's violence, she looked almost as young as ever, and in heart she had not changed at all.

She had been lucky; she was now among the leading dressmakers in the West End; and although she knew she would never rank with the Parisian *couturiers* she was content. Sometimes alone at night with the figures supplied by her accountant she gasped at the triumph of her own bluff.

Thinking thus, Sally could never realise that Toby's child, Giles, had grown up and reached the age of rebellion. He was much taller than herself, and she thought him, in spite of sulky manners, a good-looking boy.

He was fair and graceful, blue-eyed, gentle, and no fool. He had a charming smile—when given his own way. But he was only a baby. Her baby. One day he would be a doctor or a barrister. He would marry well. Then she would sell the business, have a flat in Paris, and a small, smart villa at Cannes.

But the silly boy had other notions. Idiot! She had been hunting in his room for an old photograph, and had found some ridiculous drawings. Absurd, fanciful designs for dresses, in which the colours swore and the human figure was distorted. She had almost thrown them upon the fire in a rage, refraining only through tenderness for his feelings. She had a funny, fierce love for him, like the feeling a mother-cat has for her kitten. Nobody should do him wrong.

Especially Kitty. Sally did not say what she felt in her bones, but what she felt in her bones was that Kitty Green was too much like herself. The minx! "Yes, madam." "No, madam." Small, fair, thin-lipped. She had taste. And a quick green eye. A common little brat without a scruple.

Sally would have packed her off long ago if the girl had been less clever at her work and less popular with clients. She now often watched her. Sometimes she caught her lifting eyes in criticism.

SOMETIMES she saw Giles' glance straying towards Kitty. Kitty did just what she herself would have done twenty years ago. What were eyelashes for?

So this evening Sally was at her desk brooding over Giles. One door of the room opened into the reception parlour, the other into the workroom, and it was, therefore, an unwelcome surprise to her when Giles lounged in through the latter.

She wished him never to come to Burlington Street at all; but he liked to finger the materials, drape them, throw them carelessly down and observe the result, and he was there far too often of late.

He liked also occasionally to comment with a sneer on one of the new models. Sally hated that, too, for she resented his sneers and found them distressingly effective. But she said nothing. She now looked up at him with a suspicious smile.

Giles was not sneering to-day. He was full of zest. Under his arm he carried a small portfolio, at sight of which Sally's irritation so increased that her foot tapped under the desk.

"What on earth's that?" she demanded.

"I say!" How Sally detested the opening: it always signalled trouble. "I say, Mums, I've got some things to show you at last——"

"What things?"

"These." He adroitly opened the portfolio—the strings were already untied; he had come from the workrooms, then, thought his mother. Kitty had already seen the contents!—and laid on her desk half a dozen drawings.

They were roughly splashed with water-colours, and in Giles's handwriting little paragraphs were written here and there in the margins. All the drawings were for fancy dress costumes. All were grotesquely beautiful. The power of them shocked Sally.

"Good heavens!" she cried, feeling hot. "What idiot did these?"

Giles laughed.

"Good heavens!" she cried. "What idiot did these?"

"Don't you like them?" he demanded.

"Of course not. They're awful!"

But her warmth had given place to a deadly chill. She did not think them awful. She thought them diabolical. She was afraid.

"Mums, I want you to give me a chance. Let some of your more intelligent females see them, will you?"

HE was not sullen; her brusqueness had not shaken him; he was at his most coaxing. Sally struggled against his charm; and she didn't think any other woman would have done as much. What a voice! It was a caress. What eyes! If, with such eyes, he had asked a princess to elope with him she could not have refused.

"I wouldn't insult them."

"Yes," he pleaded, smiling. "Please, mother!" Sally was like iron. She put the designs together, returned them to their portfolio, opened a drawer and threw the portfolio into it.

"Listen," she said, shutting the drawer with a snap. "And don't grimace like a gigolo. You know I've set my heart on your being a doctor or a barrister——"

Then, after an incredulous glance, he doubled up with laughter, rocking and staggering with mirth. Words bubbled from his lips, but it was a moment or two before she could understand them. At last, with tears in his eyes, he exclaimed:

"How ridiculous! Can you imagine me!

"'How's the little patient to-day, hey?'

"'Me lud, gen'lemen of the jury——'"

He roared again.

Suddenly serious, he continued: "You couldn't do it, you know. And I wouldn't let you. I should make a fool of myself. Besides, I'm quite determined. I know I've got a gift for dress design. Call it a passion if you like. It's the work I *must* do. And if you won't help me, I must go my own way. Alone."

Sally felt her blood chill.

That new voice was like a dagger in her heart. Something must be done at once to stop him. She knew quite well what this was. The plan was already formed in her mind. First of all, Kitty was the enemy. She had encouraged him, even to-day. She must go. But Giles must first be got out of the way.

"I'LL tell you what I'll do," she said. "You can go to Paris for six months. I'll ask Fantine to let you work with her and study her methods. Then, if you're still determined, we'll see. But you must go at once. And stay the six months."

Giles gave a shout.

He leapt round the desk and threw his arms so vigorously about her that she was lifted right off her feet.

"Darling!" he cried, kissing her. "You're wonderful!"

Sally thought: Poor, dull boy, he's very sweet. All the same, I'm *rather* wonderful. He'll be cured in six months.

Next day she saw him off from Croydon, and did not reach Burlington Street until after lunch. She was quietly pleased at having kept Giles to herself in the interval; he could not have seen Kitty even for a moment.

Now she must watch—there was no hurry for a little while—for some fault in Kitty's work justifying dismissal. Not the work; the manner. If Kitty should be sore at Giles's going, a slight show of contempt might provoke impertinence; the rest would be easy.

Just before half-past five, Florrie, the

receptionist, swept beautifully into Sally's office.

"It's Mrs. Finchery, Madam," she murmured, in what would have been her most aristocratic voice if her excitement had been less.

Sally greeted her visitor with enthusiasm, for Mrs. Finchery, besides being blondely tall and lovely, was an important client. She had taste, money, and position; and she was the wife of the greatest London *entrepreneur* of the day.

Her husband's theatrical productions, always lavishly and beautifully dressed," had already benefited Sally in the past and would do so again.

"Hullo!" Mrs. Finchery cried in cordial greeting. "Look here, I want something absolutely special."

She followed Sally into her office and roamed about the room because that was her habit.

"Sudden invitation to Grantley Abbey, and I'm completely done for. My husband won't help me, Owen Steffen can't, and I want the finest dress by the end of the week."

Sally, used to the lady's extravagant speech, smiled. She was admiring her client's grace, and appreciating the dress she wore, which certainly had come that moment from Paris.

"What sort of dress?" she asked.

"Fancy dress," snapped Mrs. Finchery.

Sally had no need to cudgel her wits. She merely, in a flash, pulled open the drawer containing Giles's portfolio, took out the first drawing, and laid it before the visitor. The effect was electrical, for Mrs. Finchery stared, whistled, snatched the drawing from her hand, and whirled about the room.

"Got any more like this?"

Sally, trembling internally with triumph, produced a second design.

MRS. FINCHERY imperiously pushed her aside and seized the rest, exclaiming aloud as she did so: "Why, you were fobbing me off with the least marvellous! What a cat! And I thought I could trust you!"

She put the drawings one by one against the wall, whistling triumphantly at each one of them.

"My hat!" she screamed at last. "Who *is* he? The man who did these. What! Nonsense; you haven't got a son. How old? Where is he? Well, my husband will have to see these. He's got a new show coming on with scenes laid all over the world. Owen Steffen, who's designing the costumes, is on the verge of a breakdown.

"We're crazy to get hold of a new genius. And your boy—Good heavens! Look here, don't let anybody else see these. I'll take them for safety. And get him back from Paris at once. Instantly!"

When at last she went, Sally looked into the workroom. It was empty. But not quite empty, for there in a corner was little fair-haired Kitty the minx, looking twelve, innocent, and crushed.

And Kitty, with a sheet of paper before her, and a handkerchief in her left hand, was sitting at Miss Packet's table writing a letter. The tears were running down her cheeks. Her mouth was all distorted with weeping. Sally heard her sob. But she covered what she had been writing and rose, turning her head to conceal the tears.

"What's the matter?" Sally sharply asked.

"Nothing, Madam," choked the little girl. "Nothing at all." She was still crying hopelessly. "Did you want me?"

Something struggled in Sally's breast. She knew that Kitty cried because Giles had been sent away.

If Giles were returning was not this the moment to dismiss her? But Sally's heart was beating faster than usual. She could not be harsh, even to a fair-haired minx, even to a common little brat with an eye to the main chance.

"No, don't wait. Mrs. Finchery wants a dress; that's all."

THE girl, going quickly towards the cloakroom door, stuffed her handkerchief and sheet of paper into the pocket of her overall and lowered her head so as to hide her misery. And as she opened the cloakroom door the paper so hurriedly concealed was blown by a draught to the floor behind her. She did not notice it.

But Sally noticed everything. As the door closed behind Kitty, she flew across the room, and the letter was immediately under her eyes.

"*My darling, dearest Giles,—I was thankful to get your precious letter. It is very sudden for you to go to Paris, but a wonderful chance, and you must have it. I am sure you will come home in triumph. And now about your suggestion. I know how you feel, darling, but I* cannot *marry you secretly.*

Your mother has been marvellous in giving you this chance in spite of all your fears. I know she doesn't like me, and she will think I hamper you, which I will never *do.*

Oh, darling, I love you too well for that. If I was going to stand in your way I would rather never see you again. But in any case, you mustn't do anything secret.

If she had cast you off, knowing we loved each other, I would take every chance, you know, but just when she has behaved so grandly to you it wouldn't——"

The letter fell from Sally's hand to the floor. She let it lie. She went slowly back to the door of her own room and reached it just as Kitty with an ashen face came from the cloakroom in search of what she had dropped.

There was something inexpressibly painful to Sally in the sight of such anguish. Her thoughts leapt back to her own girlhood and far into the future. They were tremendous thoughts.

The child was right.

IF Giles had a gift he must exercise it, and if this was that gift this little girl, who could refuse him, as she had thought a princess would not do, would be a worthy mate.

"Oh, Kitty," she called. "Come into my room, will you? I'm ringing up Paris."

While she waited for Giles's voice she observed Kitty, who stood just within the room. She was delicious, both child and woman. Just what Giles needed!

Sally changed her opinion a thousand times; finding Kitty now beautiful, now pathetic, now challenging to her own will, and now mysteriously unreadable. While she was still baffled, a voice roared in her ear.

She jumped.

"Giles? Hold on."

She beckoned Kitty; took her hand, whispered.

"Tell him Finchery's got his designs. Tell him to come back at once. Tell him I love him. And tell him——"

She faltered; unaccustomed tears started to her eyes. Unsteadily she cried: "Oh, hurry, you goose. Tell him you're waiting for him and you'll marry him as soon as we can make your trousseau."

THREE-MINUTE MYSTERY

Stopped Train Riddle

WHEN the train braked to a screeching stop and the guard led a group of curious passengers back along the track to where a man lay on his back beside a clump of bushes on the embankment it was only natural that Captain Connolly, of Military Intelligence, should climb out of his compartment to follow them.

From the well-kept, neatly brushed appearance of the front of the man's clothes, Connolly would have taken him for a business man.

But from the dishevelled appearance of the back of the man's clothing he might as easily have taken him for a tramp.

The man's neck was broken.

"You say someone pulled the communication-cord?"

"When I stopped the train and went along to see what had happened, Mr. Revell here told me he'd seen this fellow fall out of a window," said the guard.

The Intelligence Officer eyed Revell curiously.

"How did you come to notice it?" he asked. "Were you looking out of the train?"

"I used to live around here," the man replied, "and I couldn't help seeing what the old place looked like. I was just going to pull my head in when I saw this chap stick his head and shoulders out.

"He looked up and down the train, and seemed to push himself forwards, fall on his head and roll down the embankment."

Connolly glanced at the deep embankment.

"I'm afraid you're not clever enough, Revell!" Connolly snapped. "You should have thought of a better story."

WHY DID HE ORDER REVELL'S ARREST?

(*See page* 19.)

"You're not clever enough," said the captain

Joy Day for Nazi Captives

STALAG 13a, a German prison camp that was formerly a castle, contains among its English captives two Fleetwood seamen, George Brooks and Charles Ellis, who have never seen the latest additions to their families. They were serving in the trawler *Caldew*, Ellis as boson, Brooks as deck-hand, when the vessel was sunk by a Nazi bomber.

Charles Ellis, junior, was born in Fleetwood, Lancashire, on the day that his boson father became a prisoner of war. Mavis Brooks arrived in Fleetwood four weeks later. But until a few days ago their fathers had no idea what the children were like.

NOW the proud fathers have received photographs of the children from their equally proud mothers. It is all part of the Red Cross service, and Red Cross officials visiting the men in Stalag 13a have interviewed the men privately, told them how their families are managing, and left behind the photographs.

Their visit was the most exciting thing that has happened in that prison camp since the men fell victims to the Nazi bomber. But Red Cross officials were merely doing part of a great work.

While great nations hurl death at each other, spreading destruction and suffering in even small countries where civilisation has flourished, this great organisation prepares to succour those crushed by the clashing worlds.

Every week about thirty women have been escorted to France by the Red Cross to visit relatives at base hospitals.

Many a man has "turned the corner" through the unexpected arrival of wife or mother.

Private Harold S. Lodge was dangerously ill in No. 4 General Hospital in France. In his delirium he kept talking about "Enid," the girl in the Stockton borough accountant's office whom he had married two months earlier.

Red Cross officials escorted Mrs. Lodge, of Londonderry Road, Stockton-on-Tees, to France, in the slight hope that the woman of his dreams might help him through the crisis. The experiment was successful.

Private Lodge began to mend immediately and his wife sat by his bedside until recovery was assured.

Before joining the Army, Harold was Stockton's amateur association football goalkeeper, with three amateur international "caps." He had been a clerk in the I.C.I. works at Billingham.

When five thousand employees in the I.C.I. works heard of his miraculous recovery they formed a "Penny-a-Week" Fund for the Red Cross at the works as a thankoffering. The staff's weekly pennies will provide for other such cases an emergency operating theatre complete with mobile X-ray apparatus and a modern type four-stretcher motor ambulance.

These are but a few of the operations of a great Ministry of Mercy in this war. Wherever there is a British sailor, soldier or airman there will always be a Red Cross unit, and wherever there is a British Serviceman, sick, wounded, prisoner or missing, there will be Red Cross angels.

No development on any war front can find the Red Cross unprepared. Already there is a fleet of ambulances at the disposal of men of all nations fighting in Scandinavia.

"Nazi frightfulness" at sea has created a new chapter in Red Cross history. Attached to every lifeboat station and "port of reception" there is now a special Red Cross unit for helping victims of submarine, mine and torpedo.

Among the capable women in the Red Cross organisation is Miss Judith Jackson, senior official in the department dealing with prisoners of war.

The Red Cross does work which Governments are precluded from doing by International Law.

GIVEN the status of a "neutral" by International Convention signed at Geneva by sixty-two nations, the Red Cross is able to look after the prisoners of war in all belligerent countries.

There are only one thousand British prisoners of war in Germany after thirty weeks of war, but the Red Cross has been in continuous contact with them.

Every week two parcels of food, clothing and other comforts are sent to every British prisoner in Germany.

In two weeks eleven Fleetwood trawlers were victims of enemy action, and there is now a "Fleetwood Colony" in Stalag 13a. All these men sailed from Fleetwood Pier, and the staff there are subscribing to the "Penny-a-Week" Fund, enabling the Red Cross to help Fleetwood men.

. . . *and that's why* QUAKER *can promise you*

DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK

Get a packet of QUAKER Corn FLAKES. Try them with your family. And then, if you are not entirely pleased in every way, post the partially used packet with your name and address, to Quaker, Southall, Middlesex, and we will refund twice what you paid.

WHAT a treat in store for you if you've not yet tried Quaker Flakes! For these are flakes with a difference—they're malted! All the goodness of ripe, golden corn *plus* malt. The Quaker secret malt recipe certainly makes these flakes the most appetising, nourishing, ready-to-eat cereal that you could wish for!

Quickest to serve, too—just lift the patent flap and pour. Close flap and flakes will keep fresh, crisp and delightfully malty right to the end.

F.95

Millions are learning how necessary in war-time the daily use of healthful, delicious WRIGLEY'S Gum is to all—both old and young. Chewing it refreshes you generally, adds to your well-being and at the same time calms your nerves. It contains just enough sugar to relieve that yearning for sweets and thus helps conserve foodstuffs.

Give some to the children too — it is good for their teeth and gums, and they just love it.

If work hours are long, the task monotonous, you can make time pass more pleasantly and your work easier by chewing WRIGLEY'S deliciously flavoured Gum.

Buy several packets today and always keep a good supply handy at home.

If you want to earn the gratitude of our gallant defenders on land, in the air, or on the sea, send them a gift of a few packets of WRIGLEY'S too—its cost is so small—only 1d. a package.

R.G.11

Bad news for your teeth

Gum-rot (pyorrhoea) and gum-bleeding (gingivitis) — these are the diseases which spell danger for your teeth. The first sign is a mere trace of blood; but, neglected, it can lead to the extraction of perfectly sound teeth. Don't wait for that first danger sign. Use Gibbs S.R. twice a day. It contains Sodium Ricinoleate, which dentists use in their surgeries for preventing and curing these gum diseases. Get Gibbs S.R. today — it's obtainable now in a 6d. size too — and keep your gums healthy and your teeth safe and white.

Gibbs **S.R. TOOTHPASTE**

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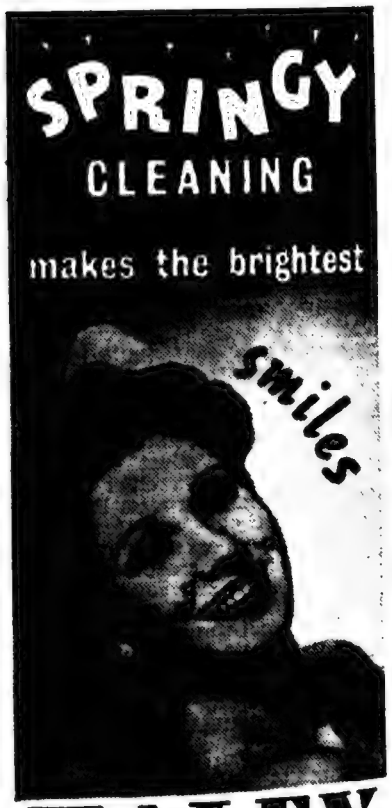


HALEX

the toothbrush with the

SPRINGY BRISTLES

Three shapes at a shilling. Others 6d. to 2/-. All in the 'Streamline' case.

Continuing his stories of "Giants of the Ring," A. W. HELLIWELL introduces the fighting Don Juan who startled Jack Johnson, mighty coloured boxer

TRAGIC ERROR KILLS WORLD-BEATER

Far greater than the physical pain was the hurt to his peacock-like pride. Jack Johnson, champion of the world, had been knocked off his feet by an impudent stripling.

A BULLET from a jealous husband's gun ended the career of handsome, fair-haired Stanley Ketchel just as the sporting world was echoing with the sound of his name.

Boxing history contains no greater tragedy than the murder of this young man when he was claiming the fame earned by his own fiery, two-fisted tactics as the most colourful glove-fighter of the period.

He was killed by a half-crazy farm-worker, who imagined that the good-looking Polish boxer had been making love to his wife.

Dapper Ketchel was a heart-breaker, but this time he was innocent.

He loved gay life; the sparkle in a glass of wine or in a woman's bright eyes were fascinations he could never resist.

Never more than a middleweight, he slugged his way through that division with such ease that he was forced to take on heavyweights, and the big fellows hit the canvas with such rapidity that they called Ketchel the Michigan Assassin, a title that fitted him as neatly as one of his well-made suits.

From Gong to Gong

SOMETHING murderous was his ruthless style.

His fists were in perpetual motion from gong to gong, and there never has been a champion who could sling punches faster, harder and with more deadly accuracy.

His record alone is sufficient indication of the dynamite in those whirling fists. In seven years, that were notable for tough and brilliant fighters, Ketchel won most of his contests by knock-outs.

He took the world middleweight title from Hugo Kelly in three rounds at San Francisco in 1908, lost it to the tigerish, gum-chewing Billy Papke a few months later, and regained it from the same fighter after a whirlwind battle.

Billy Papke, the Illinois Thunderbolt, made a sorry mess of Georges Carpentier in Paris, and was acknowledged to be among the most brutal boxers ever to lace on the gloves.

Yet Ketchel slammed him into unconsciousness in eleven rounds.

Carpentier described Papke's right uppercut as a terrible punch, and it was this blow that defeated Ketchel when he lost his title. It was the first time that he had been knocked out, but he made Billy pay dearly for that triumph.

Scornful of defence, he went after Papke like a wild cat, hitting so fast that his gloves seemed a blur of leather.

Ketchel's whirlwind style made terrific demands on his stamina, but the days he spent riding the range as a cow-puncher before he began fighting professionally hardened and toughened his lean frame.

There have been few 160-pounders stronger than the Michigan Assassin, and he carried the bulk of his weight, from the waist up, where it was most useful for slinging punches.

He Floored Jack Johnson

HE had the shoulders and biceps of a heavyweight, and they gave him that devastating wallop.

The only other fighter to succeed in putting this amazingly tough scrapper down for the full count was when the incomparable Jack Johnson floored him in the twelfth round of a most dramatic battle.

If Stanley Ketchel had fought only this fight, he would still be remembered for having slugged the negro off his feet a few seconds before he was pounded into unconsciousness.

Fifty pounds heavier, inches taller, and possessing every possible physical advantage, Johnson was kept almost continually on the retreat by Ketchel's buzz-saw tactics.

Scornful of the negro's formidable reputation—and at this time Johnson was at the peak of his career—the fighting Don Juan went after him with both fists swinging.

Ketchel never allowed copybook rules of the game to hamper his dynamic style, and he fought against Johnson with such relentless ferocity that the negro had no breath for his customary wisecracking taunts.

There never has been a smarter defensive fighter than Johnson. He caught punches in his open gloves like a cricket fieldsman, and his judgment of distance and timing bordered on the uncanny, but he had to pull every trick he knew to save himself from the Assassin.

In the twelfth round, Ketchel, raining blows on the black champion, suddenly slung over a terrific right that caught Johnson behind the ear.

He went down as though pole-axed, and for a second the packed stadium was stunned.

The mighty Johnson, the invincible negro who a few months before had cut Tommy Burns to ribbons at Rushcutter's Bay, was on the canvas!

Two Last Terrible Blows

A VAST roar of applause for the slim white fighter standing with his back to the ropes waiting for the champion to rise.

Johnson climbed to his knees.

Reason had left him.

His gold teeth were bared in a snarl as he hurled himself on Ketchel.

Far greater than the physical pain was the hurt to his peacock-like pride. Jack Johnson, champion of the world, had been knocked off his feet by an impudent stripling.

He swept down on Ketchel like a hurricane.

Fighting like a madman, Johnson caught him with two terrible blows—a hammer-like right to the chin and a smashing left to the stomach.

The white man folded up like a jack-knife.

As he swayed on his feet, Johnson ripped another vicious right to his chin. Ketchel dropped.

Almost a year later, after three sensational scraps that re-established him as the Kayo King of the States, Stanley Ketchel was shot dead.

Race with "Silver Ring"

BY the time the New Derby is run on June 12, some of the "also rans" in the recent Greenham Stakes test will probably be capable of beating Tant Mieux and Stardust, both of which were pretty nearly as fit as possible.

Particularly promising were Bladon, an American-bred colt owned by Mr. Wm. Woodward, and Solway Firth, son of Fairway, carrying Sir Abe Bailey's colours.

Neither is likely to be forward enough to take on Djebel, British Empire, Tant Mieux and Stardust in the Two Thousand Guineas, but by Derby Day there may be a different tale to tell.

You ought to be able to get long odds now about Solway Firth and Bladon for the Derby. They are good outsiders.

I doubt whether any of our horses will beat Djebel for the Two Thousand Guineas. For the One Thousand, consider Merry Devon, which ran quite well behind Allure at Newbury and shows a lot of scope for improvement.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE

The Code covers racing from Thursday, April 25, to Wednesday, May 1.

B A K X U Z R 98 N 96 G E D V H J

1 95 S O Y 97 L W T F 94 M P Q C 93

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below, as the case may be. Example: IL95ME95L would read BRAEMAR.

Where a double letter occurs in a name the figure 2 is substituted. 96XK2BR would read POSSIL.

In His Own Words

THE words were full of sound and fury, signifying nothing. The voice itself, raucous guttural, was familiar enough. I gazed at the illuminated radio set. . . . Hitler, without doubt.

We don't pay much attention to Hitler's speeches these days, but there might at least have been some mention of it—if only back page, column six—in the evening newspaper, I thought.

Then the ranting scream broke off abruptly. A calm, agreeable voice said in German:—

"That was an extract from a gramophone record of your leader's speech in September, 1938. Little comment is needed. You have only to compare his claims, promises and sentiments of those days with his recent acts if you want to test his sincerity."

I had tuned in to the B.B.C. news in German—our fourth arm, the propaganda arm.

WE are telling the Germans the truth because we know that nothing is so likely to undermine confidence as deliberate invention.

Our broadcasts to Germany are straight translations of our own home news bulletins. But there is a difference, and a subtle important difference.

Announcers in German do not content themselves with a mere expressionless, monotonous recital of news.

They are indignant, heated, scathing. . . . They know how to lay stress on items of information that the German propaganda Ministry is likely to suppress. We give the Germans "news in the fullest sense."

They often take a morsel of typical Nazi falsehood, chew it over, and spit it back at them.

This is how the B.B.C. dealt with the *Ark Royal* lie: "In a message to Rome, you asserted that she had been sunk near the Isle of May. In an Arabic broadcast you asserted she was sunk in the North Sea. In a Spanish broadcast you declared she had been destroyed by fire."

OUR best instrument of propaganda is the recordings of Hitler speeches. Also, it is the simplest.

No explanation or argument is needed.

When we broadcast Hitler's piece about his "last territorial claim in Europe," we let him convict himself out of his own mouth.

He does our job for us.

Extracts from "Mein Kampf" are just as telling.

Such passages as: "We look upon Bolshevism as an intolerable danger to the world . . . it must never be forgotten that the present rulers of Russia are bloodstained criminals! . The forming of an alliance with Russia would be the signal for a new war. And the result would be the end of Germany. . . . It must not be forgotten that the international Jew is to-day absolute master of Russia. Rather than sign such a Pact I should hang myself."

Well, it's a wise German that knows his own Fuehrer.

"I'm the best pal in the world!"

Mac's a 'plus' dog, companionable, lively, never scratches, never mopes. What a dog! What a friend! . . . And all because master conditions him every day with Bob Martin's—the famous powders which *by purifying the blood*, lift him to the highest possible level of canine fitness. So remember—one Bob Martin's once a day will make *your* dog a 'plus' dog with better health, better coat, better spirits.

IN PACKETS 6d AND 1/-

BOB MARTIN'S condition powders

A pleasant change—and more change—when you buy

ARMY CLUB

THE FRONT-LINE CIGARETTE

Prices in 'Naafi' canteens with the B.E.F.:—
10 for frs. 1.90 — 20 for frs. 3.75

"If there's dirt about there must be germs too, I say. So we keep on the safe side and always wash with Family Health" *says Mrs. Cheery*

When we were "moving" *(dreadful day!)*—

1 I don't think I sat down for eight hours. I just had to watch those men or they'd have put the piano in the bathroom

"Where's this go lady?" "Where's this go lady?" What with their worrying and the dashing about and the dirt and dust I was at my wits' end.

2

3 So I was pretty glad, at the end of the day, to change and have a good wash with Family Health. I told the men to use it, too. Dirt can hide a lot of germs!

* It certainly can. Dirt-infection is common because people don't always take proper precautions. But it has small chance against the antiseptic lather of Family Health Soap. Use it yourself!

EVERY WASH A SURE PROTECTION — STILL ONLY 3d

KH 52-690-68 JOHN KNIGHT LIMITED — SOAP MAKERS SINCE 1810

Put a dash on your ration and enjoy War 'fare'

SAYS Master O'Kay

MASON'S O.K SAUCE

THE SAUCE THAT DOES YOU GOOD

Aces of the Secret Service

Master Spy Tricks German Navy

"John Bull" Secret Service expert Louis C. Mansfield relates how Admiral Sir Reginald Hall earned the proud title: "The greatest Master Spy the world has ever seen." He even had an English agent in the German Admiralty!

NO series of spy stories would be complete without mentioning two men who did much to bring victory to the Allies in the last war.

That Grand Old Man, Admiral Sir Reginald Hall, appointed Director of Naval Intelligence in October, 1914, earned the proud title of "The greatest Master Spy the world has ever seen."

The other man must remain unnamed. I shall call him Arthur Russell.

"Blinker" Hall sat behind his desk, overlooking the Admiralty courtyard in Whitehall, moving thousands of spies around the world.

Arthur Russell also sat behind an Admiralty desk.

But it was not in Whitehall.

His desk was at the German Admiralty in Berlin, where he had managed to "wangle" an appointment as a Naval Staff Officer.

Russell was in an excellent position to collect details of staff plans and naval movements from the Daily Orders passing through his hands, and from the tit-bits of information flung around by indiscreet heads of departments.

His daily report to London enabled Britain to win many sea manœuvres.

THE amazing teamwork between "Blinker" Hall and the intrepid spy eventually drove the German Navy from the High Seas.

"Blinker" Hall was in a quandary on November 1, 1914.

He had just received news that Admiral Spee had wiped out Craddock's squadron off Coronel, thus giving Germany command of our supply routes in the Southern Seas.

Gneisenau and *Scharnhorst*, the backbone of von Spee's squadron, were heavy battle-cruisers of the latest type.

We could hope to deal with their brilliant gunnery and heavy fire-power only by using a couple of our own super-dreadnoughts. But none was available.

With the exception of two, they were all urgently needed.

But *Invincible* and *Inflexible* were anchored off the Dardanelles only to prevent *Goeben* slipping through to Pola to stiffen the Austrians' resistance.

"Blinker" knew that as soon as these warships were detached German spies would acquaint both *Goeben* and Berlin.

Goeben would dash for Pola, and Berlin would warn von Spee to avoid direct action, thus keeping our ships chasing around.

The following day Arthur Russell reported that Admiral Spee, ordered to

ADMIRAL SIR REGINALD HALL

keep his squadron together, was making for Valparaiso.

That gave Hall an idea, which he kept secret from even his own staff.

"Find out the exact procedure by which orders are transmitted to Admiral Spee," he commanded Russell, "Procure a copy of the form on which such orders are written."

Next he interviewed a famous shipbuilder.

"I want two 'super-dreadnoughts' completed within three weeks!" he said.

And when "Blinker" had explained, the shipbuilder grinned.

"They'll be ready,' he said.

RUSSELL'S reply came from Berlin. "Orders to the Cruiser Squadron are encoded in the High Seas Fleet Code," he reported, "and are written on a special form, of which I have secured a copy. The form is signed by one officer, checked and counter-signed by a second.

"It is then franked with the usual German Admiralty rubber stamp and with the Censor's Permit Stamp before being handed to one special messenger who takes it to the office of the transmitting radio station."

"Good work!" replied "Blinker." "Have duplicates made of both stamps. Get copies of the signatures of the two officers concerned and practise them until you can write them automatically."

Russell did not know that Hall was already in possession of a copy of the German Code.

It was easy enough for him to get duplicates of the rubber stamps.

Three weeks later "Blinker" Hall's new "super-dreadnoughts" slid down the slipways and began their journey to the Mediterranean—under tow.

They were exact replicas of *Invincible* and *Inflexible*, and from a distance looked the most deadly things afloat.

But they were made of timber and plywood. Even their menacing "guns" were mere poles painted grey. They were designed to fool German spies in *the Mediterranean*.

The dummies were anchored off the Dardanelles, while the real dreadnoughts made for Gibraltar and the Atlantic.

The next day, the German Admiralty messenger was overtaken by a breathless Naval Staff Officer.

"Here is an urgent message which has just come through," the officer said. "It must go immediately. See that it gets priority."

Two hours later, Admiral Spee was considering an "Urgent and Secret" order.

"Your squadron will proceed to the Falkland Islands with all speed," it ran. "You will attack early on the morning of December 8, and will wreck the wireless station at Port Stanley."

The world knows what happened.

When von Spee reached the Falklands he found Admiral Sturdee's entire squadron—strengthened by *Invincible* and *Inflexible*—waiting for him.

A few hours later, *Gneisenau* and *Scharnhorst* and other German warships were tasting the bitterness of defeat.

If a sequel is needed, it can be found in the ex-Kaiser's remarks on the action.

Across Commander Pochhammer's report he wrote, "It remains a mystery what made Spee attack the Falkland Islands."

He did not know that Spee attacked because of definite and detailed orders coming from "Blinker" Hall, "The greatest Master Spy the world has ever known," and from Arthur Russell, one of Britain's bravest sons.

In Your Garden - - - - - - - by Richard Sudell

Those Tender Hearts

BOUGHT salads are never so crisp or so tender as those taken straight from your own garden. They are rich in vitamins, and can be grown in little space.

Lettuces can be now sown between rows of early peas or French beans. A little manure should be forked into the top three or four inches of soil, and a dusting of sulphate of ammonia applied, one ounce to a yard run of row.

For crisp-hearted lettuces grow Tom Thumb for early crops and Holborn Standard for summer use. It is a variety that stands up well in hot weather.

If radish seeds are sown too thickly, the roots will fail to swell, so they should be thinned out early, about two or three inches apart, when large enough to handle. For early crops, try Carter's Sixteen Days and French Breakfast.

A reader asks whether she can grow mustard and cress on a moist flannel in a dish. This method is successful, but the best way is to fill shallow boxes with light sandy soil and to sow the seeds on the smooth surface of the soil without covering.

Cress is sown three days before the mustard, which germinates more quickly.

Sown thickly, seeds should be covered with a moist sack until they are well germinated.

Watercress grows wild in damp ditches and in small streams, but water is not necessary in the garden.

It will grow in damp soil in a shady position. Make a shallow trench about eighteen inches deep and three feet wide; lay rotted manure on the bottom and cover with a little soil.

The trench should then be thoroughly soaked with water and the young plants set out six inches apart each way. Seeds can be sown on the moist soil, the same distance apart, in little clusters.

After planting or sowing, cover the trench with a few sacks laid across stakes.

The soil should never be allowed to get dry.

When shoots are a few inches high they should be pinched out to make plants more bushy. The more you cut watercress, the more it will throw up fresh, green shoots.

MYSTERY SOLUTION (See page 14)

BECAUSE the front of the dead man's clothing was clean while his back was dusty, Connolly knew that the body HAD BEEN CAREFULLY PLACED WHERE IT WAS FOUND. THE MAN HAD NOT EVEN BEEN ON THE TRAIN!

If the man had jumped out and rolled down the embankment, the whole of his clothing, the front as well as the back, would have been dishevelled.

The police discovered that Revell had killed the man in a fight.

Becoming afraid, he had placed the body beside the railway line and then taken a short train journey for the express purpose of halting the train.

By "Poolex"

ALTHOUGH football has undergone a lot of changes, the majority of matches are still won by home teams. For the pools punter, this means that "1's" are still the easiest forecasts, and I suggest concentrating on picking home winners.

A pool giving you this chance is the 10-results pool on the "Unity" coupon.

Don't follow *all* the favourites because when they all win dividends are low. Yet you should make "form" the basis of your forecasts, and then use some simple permutation.

Here is a list of teams which, judged by past results, can be depended on to produce the "form" result in their home games. When well fancied they have duly obliged:—

Birmingham	Oldham
Bolton	Plymouth
Bristol R.	Third Lanark
Chesterfield	Torquay
Hartlepools	Watford
Hearts	West Bromwich
Huddersfield	Wolverhampton
Leeds	Wrexham
Manchester U.	

When the form result for any of these clubs is a "1," support it. This will provide you with selections for the 10-results pool. If you want more, the next best to follow are:—

Arsenal	New Brighton
Bury	Preston N.E.
Blackpool	Q. of South
Doncaster	Queen's P.R.
Dundee U.	Sheffield U.
Falkirk	Stoke
Morton	West Ham
Motherwell	

These two lists should give you enough games to make your home selections in a normal week, but if you do have to go outside them, avoid these "coupon-wreckers":—

Alloa	Dundee
Ayr	Hamilton
Barnsley	Liverpool
Blackburn	Middlesbrough
Brighton	Rotherham
Celtic	Swindon
Clyde	Tottenham
Dumbarton	

To permute forecasts, here is a marking combining 16 forecasts in 11 columns:—

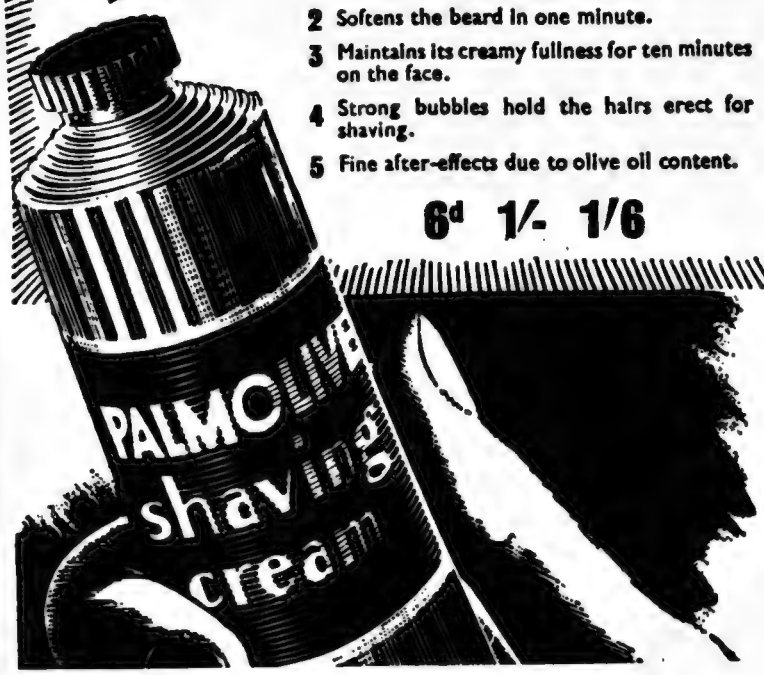
1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	-	-	-
-	-	1	1	1	-	-	1	-	1	1
1	1	1	1	1	1	-	-	1	1	-
-	1	-	1	1	-	-	1	1	-	1
1	1	1	1	-	-	1	1	1	1	-
-	-	1	1	-	1	1	-	1	-	1
1	-	-	-	1	1	1	1	1	1	-
-	-	1	1	-	1	1	-	-	1	1
1	-	-	-	1	1	1	1	1	1	-
-	-	1	1	1	-	-	1	-	1	1
1	1	1	-	1	-	1	-	1	-	1
-	1	-	-	1	1	1	1	1	1	-
1	1	1	-	1	-	1	-	1	-	1
1	1	-	1	-	1	-	1	1	-	1
1	1	1	-	-	1	-	1	-	1	1
1	1	-	1	-	1	1	-	-	1	1

ENLIST

—PALMOLIVE IN YOUR WAR ON BRISTLES

1 Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.
2 Softens the beard in one minute.
3 Maintains its creamy fullness for ten minutes on the face.
4 Strong bubbles hold the hairs erect for shaving.
5 Fine after-effects due to olive oil content.

6d 1/- 1/6



JB

"On war service or at home, these marvellous creams keep my complexion smooth and clear" SAYS

Lady Cynthia Tothill

Lady Cynthia Tothill is the only sister of the Fifth Earl of Bandon, has dark eyes, dark hair and smooth, "peachy" skin. She is working as an ambulance driver. "It is especially hard on one's complexion being out in all weathers," she says. "But Pond's Creams keep my skin in perfect condition."

Analysis of *Lady Cynthia Tothill's* features

(1)

Shape of Face: Heart-shaped, with a broad, smooth, very white forehead.

(2)

Eyes: Starry, dark, slightly almond-shaped, fringed with long, silky dark lashes. No lines or wrinkles at the corners.

(3)

Nose: Short and straight, with very smooth, white skin. No coarse pores or blackheads.

(4)

Mouth: Wide and sensitive with well-shaped lips. *Chin:* Firm and rounded, with smooth, velvety skin. No sagging lines or blackheads.

(5)

Hair: Dark and lustrous—a perfect foil for Lady Cynthia's attractive features and glorious complexion.

Lady Cynthia attributes the unusual smoothness and clearness of her skin to her regular use of Pond's Creams.

She says: "Elaborate beauty care isn't necessary—for Pond's Creams keep my skin in perfect condition. Since I started using them I've been amazed at the improvement in my complexion."

Pond's Creams can do as much for your complexion as they have done for hers! You see, these wonderful creams supply all your skin's needs. They cleanse and lubricate it; they rid it of blemishes and coarse pores; they protect it against the drying and ageing effect of cold winds.

Begin using them *now!* Soon you will notice a wonderful change in your skin. Cared for this simple way, skin loses any trace of sallowness, becomes fresh and clear. Shrunken undertissues fill out so that lines are softened away. Big pores and blemishes disappear as your skin becomes each day healthier and in better condition!

Use Pond's Cold Cream every night to cleanse your skin. Use Pond's Vanishing Cream every morning as a protection against dryness and to hold your powder on smoothly! It's the way to gain a new, lovelier, more youthful complexion.

Look up and Smile — the Odol Smile

Keep your chin up and smile the winning smile—the Odol Smile! There's more than confidence and courage behind an Odol Smile—there's the security of sound teeth, protected from the danger of damaged enamel by fine, smooth, non-scratch Odol—and when you smile, you know that you reveal the beauty of pearly teeth.

So use Odol, the finest, smoothest tooth-paste made.

Get it at any chemist or stores 6d. and 1/- per tube.

JB

Odol

If you prefer Solid Dentifrice, try Odol Dentifrice 6d. a large size tin.

Take 10 drops

when you feel exhausted

10 drops of Phosferine work wonders when you're feeling weak and tired. In fifteen minutes you feel the good effect of a dose of Phosferine—and each succeeding dose will give you strength to carry on. Phosferine puts back what you have taken out of yourself—energy and vitality. Start taking Phosferine to-day.

JB

Two Tablets equal ten drops of Liquid. The 3/- size is nearly four times the 1/3 size; you save almost 2/-.

From all Chemists, TABLETS or LIQUID, 1/3, 3/- & 5/-.

PHOSFERINE

Brand

THE GREATEST OF ALL TONICS

—for—	—for—	—for—
Depression	Neuralgia	Sciatica
Headache	Sleeplessness	Anæmia
Indigestion	Influenza	Debility
Brain Fog	Rheumatism	Neurasthenia

WARNING. THE PUBLIC IS WARNED AGAINST PURCHASING WORTHLESS IMITATIONS.

FANCY SEEING YOU!

J. F. Winterton, of Finchley Rd., London, N.W.3, receives the five guineas offered by "John Bull" for this week's Reader's Story

"It was a grand feeling to know the Navy was there."

If you have a story, send it to us. There may be five guineas for you, too. And don't forget to enclose a stamped envelope

SITTING in the lounge of an hotel at Trondheim, Norway, that night, I could hear nothing but the guttural accents of German-speaking people.

My companions were an intelligent but boastful young Nazi, and a Hitler-moustached Englishman, introduced to me the previous day as Mr. Browneway, a shipping agent. He spoke German fluently and seemed to be on intimate terms with the Nazi.

My trunks packed, I was awaiting a call at any moment to the ship that was to take me to England in one of the last convoys sailing from these waters before Hitler landed troops at Norwegian ports.

Strictest secrecy was being maintained to the last minute about the time of the ship's departure.

A rumour had just gone round that the captains of vessels leaving Trondheim to join the convoy had been summoned to conference to receive their sealed orders from British naval authorities.

The hotel was infested with Nazi eavesdroppers, and lying about on odd chairs were copies of Berlin newspapers, flown daily from Germany and supplied free to any hotel displaying such propaganda for visitors.

The Germans talked arrogantly.

They were obviously trying to start whispering campaigns insinuating that Britain was fabricating victories and hiding losses—and planning the invasion of Norway.

"You English are fools," said my young Nazi companion, as he laughed at my genuine ignorance as to the port for which our convoy was bound. "Your much-boosted Secret Service should be busy here on the spot if they think we don't know. But we do. Your convoy is going to Newcastle."

I was still more taken aback when the Englishman, Browneway, who as a shipping agent was possibly in a position to know these things, turned to the German and said, "Newcastle is right, but how do *you* know that?"

The German laughed.

"Ah, I told you, *we're* too clever for you," he said.

I almost punched the Englishman's head.

MY suspicions about his close contact with the Germans in the hotel began to increase, and I was still making up my mind about conveying my suspicions to the British authorities when a page-boy called me to the telephone.

I was told to board my ship within the next two hours.

We sailed just before midnight.

I went on deck at dawn, to find that we were at our secret rendezvous for the assembly of the convoy. I counted eighteen other steamers scattered round about us, mostly cargo vessels.

A convoy officer with final instructions came aboard from a tug, and a few moments later two destroyers raced round the outermost ships. We were soon in line and steaming ahead.

It was a grand feeling to know the Navy was there, but I felt anything but grand at lunch time when there sat down opposite me the Englishman of the night before.

"What, you here!" I gasped. I got up at once, and asked a steward to take me to the captain, whom I told how this man had disclosed information to a German about the convoy's destination.

The captain, a Norwegian, thanked me, and asked me to leave the matter with him, assuring me that he was pro-British.

ALTHOUGH I bumped into the Englishman several times during the next three days, I avoided speaking to him.

We were obviously going by a round-about route, and must have been hundreds of miles off any direct course to Newcastle. Nevertheless, my suspicions seemed further confirmed when, on the third day, the convoy was attacked by Nazi bombers.

Our escorting destroyers were magnificent. They sent up barrage after barrage of pom-pom shells.

No bomber could have passed through that fountain of death and gone home to tell the tale. One or two came over us at a great height, but their "eggs" fell wide.

One was shot down in flames and the others turned tail into the clouds when a flight of R.A.F. fighters swept overhead.

It was a nasty experience.

The convoy continued its journey, and next day reached our destination—but it was *not* Newcastle.

As we stepped ashore the Englishman touched my arm and asked me if I'd have a drink with him.

I refused.

"All right, see you in Newcastle," he jocularly remarked as he passed on.

Back home in London, I read that strong forces of Nazi bombers had attempted to raid Newcastle, but were intercepted by our fighters.

Now I began to wonder whether that Englishman lied to mislead the Nazi.

Was it by accident we didn't land at Newcastle?

Was he really being watched?

Should I believe the Norwegian captain?

I FELT I had a duty to perform.

I went straight to the appropriate Government Department in Whitehall, asked to see whoever was concerned with espionage in Norway, and was shown into a room—and there at the desk facing me was the man I had come to report!

"What, you here!" he smiled. "Sit down, and thank you for coming to report me. You've done what every one of us should do who suspects a spy. But, as you've no doubt noticed, our Nazi friend was foolish to let me help him to believe that our convoy's destination was Newcastle. And it was *us* he was calling *fools*!"

CONDITIONS OF SALE AND SUPPLY.

This periodical is sold subject to the following conditions—namely, that it shall not, without the written consent of the publishers first given, be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of by way of Trade except at the full retail price of 2d.; and that it shall not be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition or in any unauthorised cover by way of Trade, or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.

Voice of the People

This White Feather Nonsense

WALKING the streets of Leith, glad to have returned safely from dodging U-boats and machine-gun attacks from the air, a fireman off a coasting vessel was recently presented with three white feathers by a young woman sadly in need of a thrashing.

Please do not cease in your efforts to obtain a badge of identification for these silent heroes.—J. Quinn, Montrose Street, Glasgow.

At present the only means of identification for Merchant Seamen is the badge of the Seamen's Union.

Chasing Shirkers

WHAT measure is the Government taking against men of military age who fail to register? When my time comes I shall want to know why these shirkers are allowed to keep their jobs.

As there is no law to make men from the Irish Free State join the Forces, they tell me they are here—"*to take the jobs of damned fools who go.*"—T. Morrison, Amor Road, Hammersmith Grove, London, W.

Men of military age failing to register are not only liable to heavy fines, but also must give their full term of service in the Forces when discovered. "Shirkers" are hunted relentlessly by the Ministry of Labour and the Registrar-General. An Irishman not a British subject is liable for military service if he has been domiciled in Great Britain for more than two years.

Humming Spectre

YOUR correspondent says that the word "humbug" is derived from "Hamburg," but a dependable English dictionary explains that "humbug" is derived from "hum"—to delude—and "bug"—a spectre, or dreadful object.—V. Gordon, Holehouse Road, Kilmarnock.

Are They Too Young?

SIXTEEN-YEAR-OLDS are equal in vitality and health to most adults, and the mental equals of the majority of volunteer workers.

Yet officialdom holds that we are too young to qualify as auxiliary nurses, air raid wardens and other defence workers. All we can do is stay at home and keep quiet.—H. Tasker, Uplands, Swansea.

There are many opportunities for these youngsters in various youth organisations.

Abominable History

INVENTED by a Bishop of Munster, bombs were first used in March, 1580. The word "bomb" had its origin in masses of lava hurled from a volcanic vent by explosive action.

These weapons were used at the Siege of Naples in 1434. Sebastian Hälle invented percussion fuses in 1596, and a gunner in the service of Van Galen, Prince Bishop of Munster, in 1672 improved on Hälle's work by making a case to hold both fuse and explosive.—H. Cole, Glen Road, St. Leonards, Sussex.

Pilots Must Know

APPLICANTS for the Royal Air Force are often rejected merely because their education does not reach the standard demanded.

This happened recently to a young pilot from a well-known English flying club that accepted him as a really excellent pilot.—V. R. Sladden, Albert Road, Leyton.

Applicants wishing to become pilots in the Royal Air Force must produce certificates showing they have reached the standard of the Oxford or Cambridge Senior Examinations, or of Matriculation Examinations. This standard of mathematical and general knowledge is necessary to pass important navigational tests.

Puzzle This Out

SOME time ago I posted a letter to a famous London store, enclosing a postal order for twenty-five shillings. Never reaching its intended destination, the letter was given up as lost.

Imagine my surprise when I received a letter from Maine, U.S.A., enclosing my own letter and the lost postal order. In some mysterious manner my letter reached the United States between the pages of a copy of JOHN BULL.—J. Lyons, Prince Regent Lane, London.

INCREASED PENSION for John Bull's X-WORD!

£25 WEEKLY for LIFE and £100 CASH

£400 LUMP SUM IF PREFERRED

FIRST PRIZE £100 CASH—FIVE £10 PRIZES—TEN £5 PRIZES

For 2nd £50 250 10-in-1 LUXURY CASES

BISCUITS - JAM - FRUIT CAKE - HONEY - CIGARETTES - CHOCOLATES - ETC. ETC.

WAR SAVINGS BONUS with EVERY PRIZE including the UNLIMITED SURPRISE AWARDS FOR 2nd RUNNER-UP

ACROSS CLUES

1. Many mothers are naturally worried as their child gets near this
3. Transport company will try hard to get this when business is in bad way
5. It's really painful for some people to endure this
6. Not so much
8. Good local map will probably show position of this
15. Might be helpful in solving thorny problems between two neighbouring countries
18. Female deer
19. Theatrical producer will find it doesn't pay to carry on with production regardless of this
20. Customer will be glad to buy a good one for a song
21. There are many waiting for evacuated kiddies

DOWN CLUES

1. Important part of cinema's equipment
2. Frozen water
3. One that's obviously fishy will arouse customs officer's suspicions
4. Painful one may make chest feel quite raw
7. Length of a big one gives you some idea how dangerous it is
9. In Hitler's there are men whom he cannot get rid of
10. Might be really worthless, though made of brass
11. Recruit must do this well if he wishes to avoid trouble
12. It's a pity when good material is ruined by handling this badly
13. Soft ones probably suit chiseller's purpose best
14. Decent chap would be inclined to hate it if his mates thought he was this
16. When short of time for dinner it may be wise to make this for it
17. Long slippery fish

RESULT OF X-WORD No. 197

In connection with "John Bull" Crossword No. 197 the Adjudication Committee decided that the entrants who indicated the most meritorious Sets of Answers for one Square (see on right) were the following 4 competitors:—

Miss N. GROSSMAN, 355, High Road, Chiswick, W.4.

F. MARSHALL, Minden, Cranbrook, Kent.

Mrs. THOMPSON, 40, Cromwell Street, Sunderland.

S. WHITAKER, 20, Blenheim Gardens, Wembley Park, Middx.

These competitors share the First Prize of £350, and a cheque for £87 10s. will be sent to each.

Awards of 10-in-1 Luxury Cases have been won by the 65 Runners-up from whom we received entries inferior in merit by reason of only one less apt and accurate Answer compared with the best entries received. A list of these runners-up can be seen at the "John Bull" offices, and all have been notified.

A useful Surprise Award will be posted this week to each of 408 entrants from whom we received an entry differing from entries of Runners-up by only one less meritorious Answer, and every prize-winner will receive War Savings Bonus as announced.

WINNING SQUARE

S	C	A	M	P		B	R	I	G					
N	A	P		L	O	A	D		L	D				
I		S	H	Y		D		T	E	A				
P	S	E		E	R	G	O		E	I				
	N		G	R	I	E	V	E		L				
M	I	M	E				A	D	R	Y				
O	P	A	L			H		I	N					
U			S	H	E	L	L			S				
S	C	O	R	E		L	I	E	G	E				
E	A	R		R	O	L	L		A	A				
M		T	E	N		T	I	L	L					

The Adjudication Committee decided that the most apt and accurate Answers used by competitors were those seen in the square above. Two blank spaces indicate that at these points RIG or RIP and MAJOR or MAYOR were regarded as apt Answers of equal merit.

WINNING WORDS.

ACROSS.—1. SCAMP. 3. BRIG. 6. NAP. 5. LOAD. 7. SHY. 8. TEA. 14. SHELL. 17. SCORE. 19. ROLL. 20. TEN. 21. TILL.
DOWN.—1. SHIP. 2. APSE. 3. BADGE. 6. DAILY. 9. SHIP. 10. RIG or RIP. 11. MOUSE. 12. MAJOR or MAYOR. 13. HELL. 15. LILT. 16. SEAL. 18. CAM.

NOW GET BUSY ON THIS WEEK'S PUZZLE BELOW!

ADDRESS ENTRY: Crossword No. 200, "John Bull," 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.).

£300 FREE! Each sender of Crossword Entry value 1s. or over may enclose one 6d. Bullets coupon ABSOLUTELY FREE for offer of £300 Cash provided it bears same name and address as Crossword entry.

RULES AND CONDITIONS

Presented on this page is the 200th of JOHN BULL'S entertaining Crossword Puzzles: you are invited to exercise your skill and knowledge by completing it with the guidance of the Clues provided.

Aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to the Clues form the standard of excellence by which entries will be judged, and all decisions will be based on the Answers of Competitors. This judging will be carried out under the supervision of an expert Adjudication Committee.

Each entry received will be carefully considered and the First Prize-winner will be the competitor who on one Square has completed the Puzzle and has given what, in the opinion of the Adjudication Committee, is the best set of Answers to the Clues provided. And this set of Answers will constitute the winning Puzzle Square.

If at any points in the Puzzle where a choice of words exists it is decided that no one word submitted can be preferred on the test of aptness and accuracy, then competitors there using words of equal merit as Answers will be regarded as having tied at these points, which will be duly indicated when result and winning Puzzle Square appear in JOHN BULL, published Thursday, May 16. Runners-up prizes will be awarded to competitors whose entries are next in order of merit. In the event of a tie or ties, the appropriate cash prize will be equally divided; not more than one First or Runners-up prize and one other for any one entrant.

Acceptance of the findings of the Adjudication Committee in regard to the most meritorious entries and of the Editor of JOHN BULL in all other matters is a condition on which entries are accepted and is legally binding on all entrants.

1.—Complete puzzle in ordinary ink, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil. Entry-fee is at the rate of 3d. for each square submitted. Postal Order must be enclosed or Stamps affixed as entry-fee, as directed on Entry Form.

If P.O. used make payable to Odhams Press, Ltd., and cross /& Co. ; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O. and fill in the number on Entry Form. Entry Form to be sent by post as directed (not delivered by hand) and bear POSTMARK of not later than Saturday, May 4, 1940.

2.—Each entrant may submit any number of squares up to total entry-fee of 4/-.

No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered, or unsaid; no correspondence entered into.

3.—Should any single letter square be left blank, contain a letter which is not clear, or altered, or not given in ink, the corresponding properly indicated letter on Entry-square alongside will be regarded as entrant's intended letter for both Entry squares. If entrant's answer cannot be so decided or such flaws occur in more than one letter square, Entry-square concerned will be disqualified, as will any mutilated coupon.

4.—Winner and winning Puzzle Square will appear in JOHN BULL on sale Thursday, May 16. Entries are accepted only on condition that the published result of our double adjudication establishing the Winner and Runners-up is regarded as final. Merit is established according to the total number of Answers to Clues, both Across and Down, which agree with the winning Puzzle Square.

5.—Should the First Prize be shared £400 cash will be paid instead of the Two-in-One Award.

6.—Failure to comply with any of the Rules and Conditions involves disqualification.

7.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 200. Closing Postmark SAT., MAY 4.

SEND COUPON INTACT, WHATEVER YOUR ENTRY

I agree to enter in accordance with the Rules and Conditions, and enclose Postal Order (number and value below) to cover necessary entry fee. Stamps may be affixed if preferred at the rate of 3d. per square.

NAME and ADDRESS HERE ALSO

Name.....

Address.....

P.O. Value..... No.....

FOR 1 SQUARE firmly stick **TWO 1½d. stamps here**	**FOR 2 SQUARES** firmly stick **FOUR 1½d. stamps**
FOR 3 SQUARES firmly stick **SIX 1½d. stamps**	**FOR 4 SQUARES** firmly stick **EIGHT 1½d. stamps** (Allowing enclosure of 6d. "Bullets" Coupon FREE)

NAME IN BLOCK LETTERS.

.....

FULL POSTAL ADDRESS.

.....

.....

.....

32.....

CUT RIGHT ROUND BROKEN LINE

The Last

TOM J. (London, E.).—"My definition of an astronomer is a man who looks at the moon when he is not in love." And a lover as a man who looks at the moon when he is not an astronomer.

S. J. (Bromsgrove).—"If I wanted to be cremated, what would be the first thing to do?" Die.

MRS. J. (Falmouth).—"My husband is what you might call a cool and calculating sort of man." See letter below.

I. J. (Falmouth).—"I am now employed as an accountant in an ice factory." See letter above.

FRUIT FARMER (Tiptree).—"First we get the buds, then the leaves, and next the blossom, but what shall we get after that?" The bees.

M. L. (Kettering).—"When I got home I found my wife much too busy to cook me a meal, so what do you think I made myself?" Scarce.

T. P. (Leicestér).—"What would you say if I told you that the finest tailors are found in the hunting districts?" That you're a tailor.

S. B. (Dorking).—"I want to profit by my time in the Army by studying in my spare time." Another method is to run a crown and anchor board.

D. B. (Monmouth).—"First the Germans took Poland, then Denmark and parts of Norway. I wonder what they will take next?" To their heels, most probably.

MISS R. (Cambridge).—"I enclose a photograph of myself for you, and want nothing for it but your thanks." But we press you to accept our sympathy.

PRODUCER (Elstree).—"Forty thousand gallons of water were used in my last film." Isn't that rather overdoing the sob-stuff?

T. N. (Perth).—"I'm sure even his biggest friend would not recognise my husband with his beard." But he might, of course, with his eyes.

Side-Slips

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelope "Side-Slips." When the same "Slip" is submitted by more than one person that which arrives with the earliest postmark receives the award.

LONDONDERRY STANDARD:—"Mrs. C— has a mare which gave birth to two GOALS . . ."

SOUTHERN REPORTER:—"The programme was short by two items, and Mrs. R— kindly SANK three solos."

BATLEY NEWS:—"Four ounces streaky rashers bacon, two eggs, three-quarters PINK milk, seasoning."

SOUTH WALES EVENING POST:—"Seeing that both were in danger of being trapped by the rising TIME . . ."

THE STAR:—"The police found that entry to the premises had been obtained by SCALDING a wall at the rear."

MANCHESTER EVENING NEWS:—"French military dispatches report that fresh German divisions are entering the German LIVES."

NORTHERN ECHO:—"The Ministry of Food has decreed that after next Saturday sugar will not be available for MATING up even with Seville oranges."

Laugh!

The Kid by Lees

A. D. (Winchester).—"I know one man who has a really good ear for saxophone music." Is he deaf?

W. B. (Dover).—"After all, where are the most expensive vegetables to be found nowadays?" In the shops.

C. D. (Northolt).—"I can always remember my wife's birthday but never her age." What a diplomat you'd make!

D. R. (Chatham).—"I must pay tribute to my landlord for being so considerate." We expect he would rather you paid your rent.

R. S. (Croydon).—"I sent you a Spring poem last year and you thanked me. I am not sending you a poem this year." Thank you again.

J. Mc. (Ayr).—"It is a true saying that everything comes to him who can wait." And the same applies to one who has ordered hash.

T. M. (Reading).—"Now that women are wearing trousers, I wonder what they will want next?" Trouser presses, we should imagine.

B. T. (Stafford).—"My grandfather, though over ninety, feels so wonderfully young that recently he tried to enlist." As a drummer-boy?

TYPIST (Brent).—"The junior clerk tried to kiss me the other day." Well, you can't expect the boss to undertake all the odd jobs.

JOHN BULL'S GREAT PEN OFFER

CASH THE COUPONS

"JOHN BULL'S" PEN COUPON

3d.

This Coupon with P.O. for 3/3 plus 3d. postage and insurance entitles you to a "John Bull" all-British self-filling Pen with 14-CARAT SOLID GOLD NIB, iridium tipped, fitted pocket clip, GUARANTEED 2 YEARS. Additional coupons up to four any dates) will be accepted in part payment, each counting as 3d. off the price. You may send five coupons and P.O. for 2/3 plus 3d. postage and insurance.

DE LUXE unbreakable, 1/- EXTRA. State if fine, medium, broad or oblique nib.

Address—"JOHN BULL" PEN DEPARTMENT, 134-135, LONG ACRE, LONDON W.C.2.

Win Bullets
£300
Cash for 2 3 or 4 WORDS
POST BY SAT MAY 4 for this week's 2241 PRIZES
£200
2nd PRIZE £25
3rd PRIZE £10
4th PRIZE £5
5th PRIZE £4
6th PRIZE £3
10 prizes each £2.10.
25 of 10/-
200 Surprise Awards value 5/-
2000 "Good Shot" Prizes each one exchangeable if desired for 2 NATIONAL SAVINGS STAMPS

HOW to WIN £300—USE any of these "Examples."

SPEND an entertaining half-hour with the *Examples* to-night and your resulting entry *may well bring you no less than* £300 *cash as announced!*

Many useful cheques are included amongst the 2,241 Cash and other *Bullets* Awards in this attractive ONE-WEEK Offer.

To make a "Bullet," simply add TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the "Examples."

Some of the hundreds of ways to win are clearly shown by the successful *Bullets* in our 1,215th list of winners below; start now on your efforts to capture that £300 and see that your entry is postmarked on or before Saturday, May 4.

NAZI OCTOPUS	TRYING TO ESCAPE
WEALTH OF THE NATION	GIVING IN
MADE THE EARTH TREMBLE	FATAL
MOTHER THINKS	THIS YEAR
THEY GAVE HIM A GUN AND	JOB IN WHITEHALL
HOT ON THE TRAIL	AS USUAL
AS ONE MAN	LIGHT IN THE DARKNESS
WIFEY'S A TYRANT, BUT	HARD NUT TO CRACK
WHEN SONNY'S CALLED	ON DUTY
MORE TAXES	HITLER'S BALANCE-SHEET

COUPON BELOW for up to 4 "Bullets"—entries on plain paper accepted at same rate of entry-fee.

Six "Examples" here are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line.

LEADING .....
WHEN YOU'RE .....
OUR ..... SAYS
..... FORGETS
LAUGHING AT .....
LESSON FOR .....

WIN A BONUS AWARD value £2!

The 10 entrants for this Contest whose Sets of FOUR "Bullets" on one coupon show most all-round merit will each receive a Bonus Award value £2.

RULES.—1. First prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best *Bullet* received, and the other prizes in order of merit the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every *Bullet* received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges. 2. Stamps must be stuck or Postal Order enclosed as directed on coupon. If P.O. used, make payable to John Bull, cross & Co., write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. 3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families are not eligible.

'BULLETS' 1,215 RESULT

FIRST PRIZE, £200

R. HAMILTON, 586, Dumbarton Road, Glasgow.
Example: OUT OF THE WAR
Bullet: FORTUNATE YANKS "YANKING" FORTUNES.

SECOND PRIZE, £20

Mrs. G. A. JENKS, 2, Eagleton Villas, Bath Hill, Great Yarmouth.
Example: Dad's Digging For Victory, But
Bullet: Poor Hand—Poor Hands!

THIRD PRIZE, £10

Mrs. I. DUXBURY, 282, Station Road, Bamber Bridge, nr. Preston.
Example: He's A Nazi, So
Bullet: Denounced Friend — Pronounced "Faithful"!
(Entered on Prize coupon.)

OTHER PRIZES:

£5: H. NEAVE, 60, Sherwell Lane, Torquay, Devon.
Uncle Sam's Munitions—For Germany—Via Allies!

£4: E. M. OFFEN, 14, Windmill Road, St. Martin's Hill, Canterbury.
Man In The Background—Miner—On Back, Underground.

£3: Mrs. A. MANDER, 4, Haydon Place, Guildford.
Dad's Digging For Victory, But—Germany "Conquered" Before Garden!
(Family Rations Award with above prizes.)

10 PRIZES OF £2 10s.:

J. COLVILLE, 2, Farndon Avenue, Wallasey, Ches.
He's A Nazi, So—"Programme's" No Chocolates, Cigarettes ——.

L. CRAKER, 14, Melbourne Way, Enfield, Middx.
Remembering Drake—Nation—Not Forgetting "Hoe."

A. FREEMAN, 17, Grange Crescent, Leeds.
Lonely Soldier—Advertised—And *Wife* Replied!
(Entered on Prize coupon.)

C. P. HOWDEN, 239, Wickersley Road, Rotherham, Yorks.
Out Of The War—Security—And New "Chains"?

Guardsman R. H. JONES, H.M. Coldstream Guards, B.E.F., c.o 57, Buxton Road, Luton, Beds.
Our Destiny—Matters—My Fate Doesn't.

W. LEE, Top Flat, 174, North Road, Southend-on-Sea.
Dad's Digging For Victory, But—Regents Neighbour's "Trying Work?"
(Entered on Prize coupon.)

W. H. MARTIN, 132, Carholme Road, Lincoln.
Bad Shot—Needn't Wreck "Life's Film."
(Entered on Prize coupon.)

J. RICHARDSON, West Thornley Farm, Rowlands Gill, Co. Durham.
Gets My Goat—"Nibbling" At Alien "Weeds."

H. WINDLE, 165, Burden Lane, Burnley, Lancs.
Goering Fears—*Muddies* "Pinned On Him."

H. WOODWORTH, 38, Mickley Lane, Totley Rise, Sheffield.
Out Of The War—Until Conchie Lectured Soldier!
(Entered on Prize coupon.)

List of 200 winners of Surprise Awards can be seen at these offices.
Additional Bonuses will be despatched as announced.

You MUST complete this LABEL

to ensure receiving POST-FREE copy of "Bullets" Bulletin dated Sat., May 18.

(Despatches will be subject to paper supplies.)

NAME .....
Full Postal ADDRESS .....
—Clear Block Letters
.....
32

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

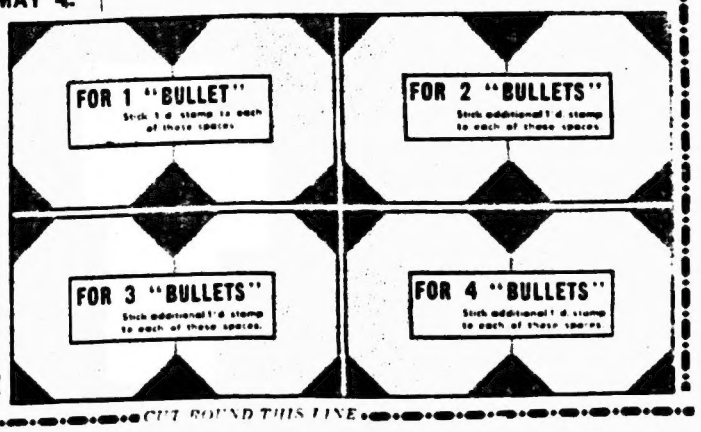
I agree to enter in accordance with Rules and enclose P.O. entry-fee at rate of 6d. for each two "Bullets" on this coupon.
P.O. value .....
No. .....
Closing postmark
(1,219) SAT., MAY 4.

SIGNED .....
ADDRESS .....

STAMPS ENTRY-FEE

If preferred, stamps may be used instead of P.O., in which case firmly affix 1½d. stamps in these spaces at the rate of 3d. for each BULLET submitted

N.B. — Crossword entry, made in accordance with Rules on page 22, may be enclosed with BULLETS: double your prize winning opportunity by also entering a Crossword each week.


FOR 1 "BULLET"
Stick 1½d stamp to each of these spaces
FOR 2 "BULLETS"
Stick additional 1½d stamp to each of these spaces
FOR 3 "BULLETS"
Stick additional 1½d stamp to each of these spaces
FOR 4 "BULLETS"
Stick additional 1½d stamp to each of these spaces

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

UNLIMITED FREE SAVINGS STAMPS.

Prepaid Entry Vouchers at 6d. each are now obtainable from JOHN BULL in batches of 5 for 2s. 6d. P.O.—or 1 for 7s. P.O. No less than 20 per cent. of amount you pay for these Vouchers is refunded to you in FREE National Savings Stamps. Application may be enclosed with *Bullets* or Crossword entry.

ADDRESS ENTRY:

"Bullets" No. 1219
"John Bull," Long Acre,
LONDON, W.C.2 (Comp.).
Closing postmark
SATURDAY, MAY 4.

It's old-fashioned not to know . . .

New Persil gives Persil whiteness easier and quicker now!

DON'T *you* be the one with 'dirty' white washing! Use the new Persil and make sure that *your* wash is really and truly and brilliantly white. Persil whiteness! That's the standard by which all washing is judged. Persil whiteness! That's *real* whiteness.

And it isn't only whiteness that the new Persil gives you. There's extra ease now — you don't have to mix; and the lather is lovely and rich. There's extra speed now in rinsing — there's no clinging greyness to stick to the clothes when you draw them out.

For your white wash, for your silks and coloureds and woollens, for any and every washing method — whether it's boil, soak or non-boil — Persil will give you better results. Use Persil once — and you'll never be satisfied with anything else!

★

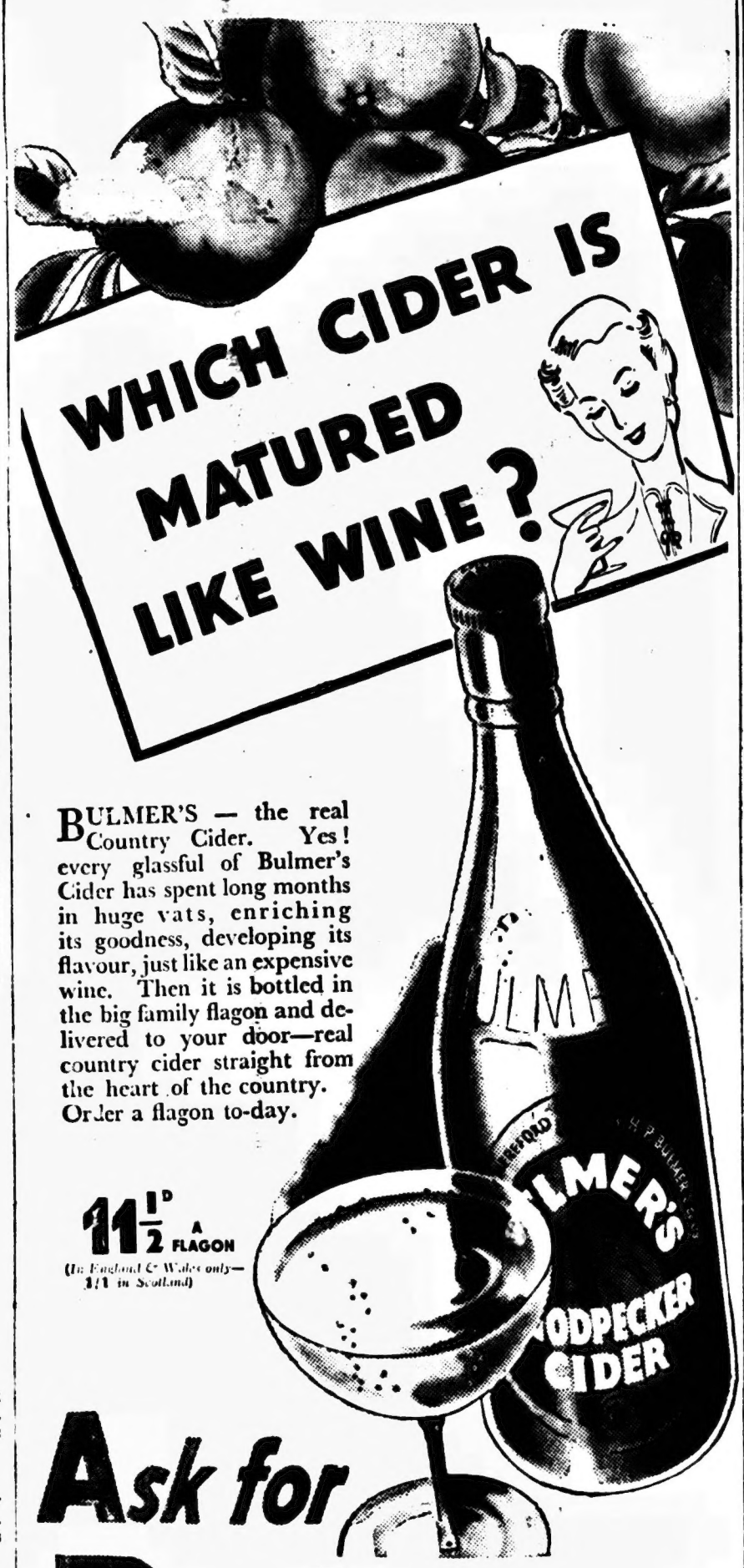
NO MIXING — *easier wash*
Just shake new Persil on the water, swish it up with your hand — and there you are. Such a lovely, deep lather — and so little trouble!

EXTRA LATHER — *for fine wash*
A lather so fine that it works its way through every stitch, gently, thoroughly. And with a squeeze or two all the dirt comes sliding out.

PREVENTS SCUM — *quicker rinsing*
No trouble with scum now — not even in hard water. No clinging greyness to stick to the clothes when you draw them out.

THE AMAZING OXYGEN WASHER Persil

PER 765 66-65



BULMER'S — the real Country Cider. Yes! every glassful of Bulmer's Cider has spent long months in huge vats, enriching its goodness, developing its flavour, just like an expensive wine. Then it is bottled in the big family flagon and delivered to your door—real country cider straight from the heart of the country. Order a flagon to-day.

11½D A FLAGON
(*In England & Wales only—1/1 in Scotland*)

Ask for Bulmer's Cider

THE A B C OF HEALTH

H. P. Bulmer & Co., Ltd., HEREFORD. The Largest Cider Makers in the World. Foyds 43

F. 45 | J.B.L.121 | 108 ★

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